

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1872.

The Week.

THE absorbing topic of the week has been the Cincinnati Convention, a gathering which most probably will have spoken for itself before any comment of ours upon its action will reach our readers. We ourselves have been expecting a great deal from the movement, and at the same time have not been blind to the fact that the risk of disaster has not been small. The work proposed was nothing less than to relegate to oblivion two time-honored platforms, or a large part of them; to displace two national parties by uniting in a third the best elements of both; to give to honest men the control of the Government. This is a work which merely to attempt was highly honorable, but which was of a difficulty nearly proportionate to the honor. While the movement was weak in the popular estimation, it was perfectly pure; since it was seen to be strong, it has been in danger; it has attracted to itself a set of political managers for whom the country cares nothing—for whom no one cares except themselves, their immediate followers, and people of like mind with these, of all of whom the country is sick. Such accessions have latterly given the movement a factitious strength which has smitten admiration into the newspaper reporters and fear into the most purblind of the Administration supporters—men not of a character, intellectually or morally, to perceive and feel wherein lay the true strength which made and will continue to make the Reform Liberals dangerous and formidable, and wherein has lain their immediate danger. But if there are some corrupt and some foolish men in council at Cincinnati, there are also many wise, sagacious, and honest men, from whom it is reasonable to expect much, who as we believe will put before the country a declaration of principles on which good citizens may cheerfully go to victory or to defeat in this coming campaign, and who, as we trust, may not only make a thoroughly satisfactory platform, but may nominate candidates worthy of it and sure to lead the new party to immediate success.

Our latest advices from Cincinnati make it clear that a good deal of very noisy work is being done for Justice David Davis, whose friends, Democratic and Republican, have so intensified the hostility aroused against him when he, a judge of the Supreme Court, suffered himself to be nominated by the so-called Labor Reformers, that he certainly can in no case, either before nomination or after nomination, have the support of the original, independent promoters of the movement. It is not necessary to charge him with collusion in all the acts of his friends, Democratic and Republican; but his nomination is one not fit to be made. We believe there is little real danger of it. The tariff difficulty seems to be on the point of disappearing in a manner creditable to all concerned. So far no mistake appears to have been made, and there is good ground for hope and confidence.

Mr. Adams's letter to Mr. D. A. Wells, in reference to the Cincinnati nomination, has of course provoked a good deal of comment. Of this most has consisted in eulogy of its courageousness; or in disapproval of what is called its too great independence of tone; or in applause of its dignity; or in incredulity that so undignified a letter could have been written by Mr. Adams; or in pointing out that Mr. Adams, as was to have been expected of so far-seeing a man, scorns the Cincinnati movement and sneers at it; or, on the other hand, in pointing out that Mr. Adams evidently believes in the new movement. The reader will, no doubt, have read the letter,

and will perceive from what quarter these various comments come. They leave us—as the letter itself left us—convinced that Mr. Adams perfectly understands the situation in all its aspects; that independence and a belief in it have become very rare among American public men; that Mr. Adams's name frightens Administration organs this week more than any other name heard in Cincinnati; and that Mr. Adams is a shrewd politician who will not condescend to any arts of the politician which are below the level where the politician is the practical statesman. The Presidency honors any man, but Mr. Adams would bring as much honor to it, so far as this country now knows its public men, as any American citizen could bring, and more of a statesman's experience.

It is the fashion among certain sets of people to say that "the public is tired of these investigations." It well enough might be if the number of them were all. There is not a State in the Union which has not had several, and Washington has had them by the dozen; but while they result as every one of them without exception has resulted, we think the public, tired as it is, will endure as many more as may be necessary. We, for one, promise that we will read faithfully all the evidence in an investigation which is darkly hinted by the editor of the *Washington Chronicle*. That paper, whose editor was, to his great credit, editor of the *Charleston Republican*, thus addresses the *Columbia Union*: "Will the *Union* explain the action of the South Carolina Legislature in electing Mr. T. J. Robertson United States Senator, when we know that he paid forty thousand dollars for such election?" We doubt if the *Union* explains. We have looked everywhere for an explanation of the fact that Mr. S. C. Pomeroy (bribery and corruption) and Mr. Alexander Caldwell (bribery) are not investigated by their fellow-senators, but we find none anywhere. We expect but little fatigue in Senator Clayton's case either (corruption in office), although the House has felt compelled to turn out one of its members to whom Clayton, as Governor of Arkansas, fraudulently gave a certificate of election. The fact is that Mr. Robertson, Mr. Clayton, Mr. Caldwell, and Mr. Pomeroy may be useful to the party both in June and in November next, and "the party" means Mr. Cameron, Mr. Morton, Mr. Conkling, and their friends. We are tired of investigations, no doubt, still we should like to see if these gentlemen from Arkansas, South Carolina, and Kansas would, when investigated, look something like Mr. Casey, Mr. George Butler, Mr. Murphy, the Syndicate, Mr. Reed of Florida, the Scott Government, Mr. Leet, Mr. Evans of the Harrisburg Ring, Messrs. Tweed and friends, Mr. Robeson and the Secors, Mr. Cushman, Mr. Terwilliger, Mr. Wood, and numerous other persons—we confess it is a tiresome list, tiresome in all ways—whose record of misconduct or worse has been before the public during the last twelve months.

We would suggest to the Civil-Service Commission as a proper revenge for its shabby treatment by Congress, that it call the President's attention to the incompleteness of his reform so long as the salaries now paid to the Government employees remain at their present low figure. As false parsimony is better exposed at home than abroad, it might be well to begin with the diplomatic and consular service of the United States; and a hint from the Commission to the President would doubtless produce a circular from the State Department to our representatives in foreign countries, embracing enquiries, say, on the following points: amount of salary and fees, cost of living at the place in question, style of living required or desirable, amount of savings per annum—comparisons in the foregoing particulars with other legations or consulates. We should thus get

a little light on the problem whether, after all our machinery for rewarding the highest competitor, he will be such a representative as we should care to employ on any terms; whether, in other words, the places we have to offer are such as not only capable but even fairly honest men can accept. That is but a narrow view of civil-service reform which looks merely to determining the best among a given number of applicants, and not to improving the class who present themselves. We need hardly say what we would have the President do with the information thus collected, and what we expect Congress would not do with his recommendations. It could easily be made to appear, however, that the raising of salaries might be effected without extravagance, if the numerous perfectly useless consulates were abolished, and the duties of the remaining consuls abridged, as would often be possible. In like manner, the simplification of our revenue system, by cutting off a large number of superfluous clerks and officials, would permit the salaries of the rest to be sensibly increased, with a corresponding increase in the inducement to first-rate men to strive for such positions.

Our Missouri correspondent who wrote to us a fortnight ago that we were mistaken in supposing the framework of society in his county to be in rather a shaky condition, closed his letter with a half prediction that although he and his neighbors would "outgrow this state of things" before long, we must not be surprised to hear of a vigilance committee or two and some lynch law. "This state of things," it will be recollected, was the corruption of the county judges, and our correspondent's prophecy has had a speedy fulfilment. Cass County is on the western border of Missouri, and within the "dark and bloody ground" which formed a base of operations against the Kansans in 1855. The famous town of Ossawatimie, which gave a sobriquet to Captain John Brown, is hardly fifty miles away. The people are not distinguished as being of the law-abiding order, for they have among them a leaven of the inhuman ferocity and ignorance which made the name of "Border Ruffian" synonymous with that of cowardly and brutal murderer. Some of these people, always ready for wild justice and wild injustice, have latterly been excitedly indignant at a Ring composed of merchants, lawyers, and the county judges, who out there are the financial officers of the counties, which not long since effected a fraudulent issue of railroad bonds. Two of these were horribly murdered and disfigured last Wednesday week by a mob which took possession of the train in which they were travelling and killed them, and together with them an innocent person, a man named Dutro, who was mistaken for another of the conspirators. The civil authorities were of course paralyzed. The victims were warned by the mayor of the county town that they would be killed further up the track, but they continued their journey, and when attacked made some resistance, all being armed, but were soon riddled. Had they submitted they would have been hanged, as ropes were ready for them. Some of the mob were masked, others not, and some were in "consequence recognized, but the coroner's jury returned a verdict of death at the hands of persons unknown." Within a few years we shall be seeing newspaper items to the effect that "So-and-so, a desperado who had long been the terror of the whole section, was shot and killed yesterday at Harrisonville. He was known to have been one of the leaders in lynching the county judges some years since"; or "So-and-so, a respectable citizen, died here yesterday. He is suspected to have been concerned in the execution of the Ring judges in the spring of 1872." The murdered judge and attorney were at the time under heavy bonds to undergo trial for their offence, but the mob could not wait. We are more patient here, and we pride ourselves upon it; but it is true, too, that our great sweetness and our height of civilization in letting Mr. Hall and Mr. Tweed reside so far down the river, and our self-discipline in keeping Mr. Tom Fields as member for Harlem, may well enough have made us accessory to these Missouri murders of thieves. We have done about as much to encourage lynching as if we had taken Tweed to the lamp-post instead of letting him keep his seat in the Senate.

The new charter for this city has been vetoed by the Governor—and we may add that it would not have been passed by the Assembly had there not been a general belief that he would veto it—on the grounds that its cumulative-voting clause is unconstitutional, and that its distribution of executive responsibility among so many boards, each containing so many members, is open to serious objection. We do not see why any one should dissent from this latter opinion. Nothing could well be clumsier than the composition of the various Commissions; half-a-dozen men of the ordinary human stock are not going to look carefully to the right performance of duties which are the business of them all, but not the business of any one. And there will always be at work more or less of the "ca' me and I'll ca' thee" principle, which makes every executive board as liable to jobbery as the irresponsibility of the members makes it liable to inefficiency. As to the cumulative-voting clause, its constitutionality is a question for the lawyers which, if settled in the negative, will in time, no doubt, lead to an amendment of the constitution, should the scheme be found to work well in other States where it is on trial.

The veto from Governor Hoffman, which, as we say, had been foreseen, brings up with new pertinence the question of how much of good we have got from this "Reform" Legislature. The answer certainly is that we have got next to nothing. And we have got next to nothing because the Legislature has not been primarily a Reform Legislature; nor has it been primarily a Republican Legislature, so far as that adjective has now a meaning; but first, last, and all the time it has been an assemblage of "Fentonites" and "Conklingites"—the latter in the majority. The Reform uprising of last autumn was a very genuine movement. The average head of a family in New York State does not wish to steal himself, nor to let anybody else. But he does not know all about politics, and, well as he meant last fall, he could not prevent himself from being cheated by the politicians. Of these, Fentonites and Conklingites, a good percentage are not only Fentonites and Conklingites first, and Republicans and Reformers afterwards, but they are also for sale. Nothing is harder to prove than a legislator's corruption; but to see the corruption of a given legislative body is easy. A Senate must be purchasable which, after hearing the testimony in the Wood case, did not expel Wood; there must be purchasable members in a House which, knowing what has been shown before its Judiciary Committee, fights long and hard against the impeachment of Cardozo, Barnard, and McCunn. A motion looking towards the impeachment of these men has at last been carried through after a prolonged struggle, both Speaker Smith, the Conklingite leader, and Alvord, the Fentonite leader, doing all they could to prevent its passage. "The Bar Association, and especially its committee at Albany, are to be congratulated on this result; but we shall wait a good while yet before we congratulate them for success. Their persistency and courage deserve respect and admiration, but we admire also their faith in their cause, overwhelmingly good as it is. Common report represents some of the senators who will have to try the judges as unwilling to expel Wood, because there are stories which he in turn, if he were expelled, might tell about them." And of the House, one of its members says that the inhabitants of a State prison are respectable in comparison with a majority of the members. Such remarks "created a feeling against him," we are told, and the other day, in a sudden fit of disgust, he resigned his seat and came home. How well worth preserving, for purposes of State politics, is the Republican party of New York—"the party which can point with just pride," etc., etc.?

The Apportionment Bill, which, next after the charter and the resolution to begin impeachment, is the Assembly's most important work, is of course a thoroughly unjust bill. It is not expected of our State legislatures that they will regard equity when the business in hand is to mark out the Congressional districts, so as to secure more of them for the party in power than of right belongs to it. Democrats

and Republicans alike disgrace themselves in this way whenever they get an opportunity to benefit themselves by the manoeuvre. The peculiar feature of this particular piece of injustice, and the one which perhaps alone makes it worth remark, is that it is done for the benefit not of the dominant party but of a faction within it. Apart from this matter, however, and in view of the other acts of this Legislature, we find it difficult to understand why some of our contemporaries, zealous for the right, should be so sharp with Colonel Hawkins, the resigning member. He has apparently not that control of his feelings and of his tongue which should be among an honest legislator's qualities, as assuredly it will be found among the qualities of the gentlemen who move him to wrath. Nor is he a very judicious person in any respect; and no doubt he is technically in the wrong when, in his indignation at the roguery around him, he deserts the legislative place which was given him that he might resist roguery and defend his constituents. But the severity with which he has been shent for his impatience a little surprises us—or would if we did not know certain things. A corrupt legislature confesses its own corruption by condoning bribery and dealing tenderly with other gross villanies, and it goes on to the commission of further acts of the same nature. To expose individual members is all but impossible, and when, by good luck, exposure is made, it brings no punishment to the offender as offender, but as Fentonite. It strikes us that the member who sees all this, and says so without being heeded, and even "creates a feeling" against himself, does not do so wholly bad a thing when he resigns, and thus calls pointed attention to his assertion—made very roundly—that this Legislature registers decrees for Vanderbilt in just the same way and for just the same reasons as the last Legislature registered decrees for Tweed.

There is a great deal of rumor current as to the withdrawal of our indirect claims before the Geneva Commissioners, but there is nothing certain. We have little doubt that the Administration is expecting to patch up some sort of an arrangement, if it has not already, by which we shall practically abandon them, and confess ourselves in error, but we suppose this will not be frankly done with a dignity which might redeem the false step. Perhaps this is no more than was to be expected, considering how much each Cabinet has had reason to believe that the other found the deadlock embarrassing to its prospects, and that neither would seriously criticise the other's method of getting out of what each saw to be a bad mess for itself as well as for its fellow-negotiator. At a dinner recently given by the Saint George Society, a body representing the Englishmen resident in this city, Sir Edward Thornton, in his after-dinner speech, spoke as follows: "No one, I believe, supposes that the British Commissioners had any idea—the slightest idea—that indirect damages were included in that Treaty. A subsequent and thorough examination of the Treaty and its wording has not now persuaded them to the contrary." We wonder if our American Commissioners, did they not conceive themselves bound by Mr. Fish's and Mr. Bancroft Davis's unctuous construction of the instrument, would not themselves say precisely what Sir Edward Thornton has said, and agree with his interpretation?

The eruption of Vesuvius has assumed proportions which rank it, in point of spectacular grandeur at least, among the most notable on record. It took a decided increase on Thursday of last week, and every day up to Monday developed new craters with ever-widening devastation. The lava stream that partly destroyed San Sebastiano was sixteen feet deep. On Saturday, the view of the mountain from Naples was entirely cut off by the smoke, and on Monday ashes fell like snow in the streets, so that umbrellas were spread against them. Sand followed the discharge of ashes, amid incessant thunder and lightning, but, though the volcano continued its rumbling and quaking, no new craters were formed, and the flow of lava had ceased. The force of the eruption appears from the accounts to have been as usual chiefly on the southern and western slopes of

Vesuvius, from Bosco Tre-Case round to San Sebastiano and Massa di Somma. The latter village was wholly destroyed. The intermediate towns, like Torre del Greco and Resina (near Herculaneum), were abandoned by their inhabitants, and in general the loss of life seems to have been small, while the loss of property in houses, goods, farms, and vineyards has been sufficient to deprive thousands of their homes and means of support, and to lead the Government, with the king in person, to bring succor and military protection to the unfortunates. The event is one which the mind naturally associates with the contemporaneous earthquakes in Syria and in California, by which Antioch has been ruined for the doventh time, and California rocked almost from one end to the other, and which have cost a significant number of lives.

In spite of the many contradictions and obvious exaggerations in the despatches from Spain, it is clear that the Carlist rising is a much more serious affair than the two similar attempts made by the adherents of Don Carlos in 1869 and 1870. Whether this young prince, the great-grandson of the first pretender of the same name, and grandson of the Count de Montemolin—who respectively assumed the names of Charles V. and Charles VI.—has really appeared in person south of the Pyrenees, and staked his life on the poor chance of entering Madrid as Charles VII., through the aid of peasants and priests, Republicans and Internationals—allies in the late elections—may still be doubted, though the fact is announced in a public proclamation circulated in the capital. Nor is it certain that his younger brother, Don Alfonso, has succeeded in crossing the frontier, which is watched both by Spanish and French cordons—the French Government being quite zealous in its manifestations of friendship towards the throne of King Amadeo. But fighting, of a more or less desultory character, has undoubtedly taken place in various districts of the Basque provinces, Navarre, and Catalonia, and even Galicia, Aragon, Castile, and Andalusia have not remained entirely undisturbed; and it is a rather significant fact that Marshal Serrano himself had to assume command in Navarre. The insurgents generally keep to the mountains, the adjoining regions of Navarre, Guipuzcoa, and Alava, as usual in Carlist risings, being their main fastnesses, and the Basque peasantry their best material. Wherever they appear in the lower districts they are easily dispersed or compelled to surrender.

That Don Carlos has calculated, or still calculates, on simultaneous risings in the large towns, still convulsed by the wild coalition agitations of the last months, is quite natural; nor is it impossible that the more reckless portion of the Internationals and Republicans are, on their part, still watching the opportunity which the distractions of the Government may offer them for the overthrow of the new dynasty for their own benefit. It is, however, very probable that both these parties will find themselves woefully mistaken, and that the throne of Amadeo and the Sagasta Administration will come out of this crisis unexpectedly strengthened. The Radicals proper, the leaders in the late coalition movement against Sagasta, have already, with Zorrilla at their head, actively joined the Unionist and Progressist defenders of the constitution against the rebellion, and their chief is even reported to have assumed the command of a column of Government troops in Navarre. The bulk of the Republicans is said to follow their example, and the influence of the turbulent Internationals, who are suspected of plotting a movement which is to spread from Spain all over the Continent, will, in all probability, prove more potent in driving wavering Isabellinos and Republicans into the ranks of the supporters of the Government than in promoting the cause of the Carlists. The Carlist representatives have left the Cortes, the insurrection has broken the unnatural coalition of opposite extreme parties, and the Sagasta Administration, whose triumph in the elections was not overwhelming, will not be slow in turning patriotism, fear, and other good and evil impulses to the best advantage in the cause of order, the throne, and the constitutional Government.

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE TO PUNISH THE RING.

FOR nearly a year the papers have been full of nothing but reform. At the hotel, on the railway, and in the parlor we have been hearing continually of the doings and probable punishment of the latest rogue. We have started up a new one pretty much every week, and most of them have escaped us because the popular comprehension was not spacious enough to provide for them all. We wisely thought, too, that if a sharp punishment were visited upon a few of the worst, we should have no reason to complain of our year's work. What have we accomplished? is now the natural question to ask. Has any rascal been punished? Have any of those whom, five months ago, in the plenitude of our strength, we thought we could almost afford to pity, received the felon's stigma we decreed them? One of the Ring, Keyser, has paid into the city treasury a few hundred thousands; we have indicted a number of the conspirators, and have attempted one man's trial; Connolly has seen the inside of a jail, and Tweed has been badly frightened. Both Tweed and Connolly have been deprived of their municipal offices; but one of them has got out of the way, and the other retains his seat in the Senate. Mr. T. C. Fields, who has been also indicted, not only retains but occupies his place in the Legislature; indeed, he is admitted to be one of the most influential men in that body. An unappreciative public has not done full justice to the merits of Fields, and it may be well to recall his transactions with some detail. We hardly know of a case so characteristic. The good-nature, the impudence, the self-satisfaction, the contempt of the helpless public, the unbelief in any Nemesis during this life at least for an Albany politician—these qualities make the character and career of this worthy man most interesting and typical.

It was Mr. Michael J. Quigg, a fireman of Harlem, who, meeting Mr. Fields in the street, first suggested to him that the volunteer firemen of Harlem should be paid for their services. Mr. Fields said: "It will cost something, but I see there is money in it." The member for Harlem is in his way a successful student of human nature and an expert in the manipulation of senators; he knew his ground at once. The "unrecompensed and deserving fireman" will constitute a good cause. Of course, his appeals will not draw tears from the eyes of legislators; they understand as well as himself just how deserving the case is; but people will never object to their voting money to recompense anybody, and besides it would be churlish to refuse to oblige a "good fellow like Fields." Pretexts for lobbyists are the desirable things; the money is not so hard to get as an excuse on which to pocket it in a decorous or semi-decorous manner, and a politician who knows his business is as constantly in quest of a plea as a clergyman of a text. This incident suggests an unpleasant reflection. It was in the winter of 1868 that Quigg and Fields had the conversation which resulted in the loss to the State of a half a million of dollars. On that day, all New York went about its business quite unconscious of Quigg or Fields. Our reflection is that now, while we write, another Quigg is no doubt meeting another Fields, and making suggestions for the robbery of yet another half-million. The Harlem firemen were to be paid for services which they pretended had been rendered from 1865 to 1868, at which latter date they disbanded. It was perfectly well known that many of them had served but a few months. Those who had given their services for the full time had no idea of receiving any pay for it. When one evening they were got together in a hall and the "object of the meeting" was announced, great was their natural joy. They pounded upon the benches, they screamed, they whistled; "the boys" indeed used all those varieties of expression with which the innocent and healthful give vent to gratification and delight. Before the meeting adjourned, all the firemen present had signed papers making over to Fields 33 per cent. of what should be voted by the Legislature. An appropriation of \$50,000 was secured, and Comptroller Connolly paid to Fields \$49,277 34. This Fields distributed among the firemen, retaining his 33 per cent. Their first venture was so successful that they resolved to try for more; they held another meeting, but this time Fields demanded 50 per

cent. The firemen became angry, and swore that Fields was a most exacting person. Here we see how people's consciousness of desert keeps pace with their good fortune. The notion that they were to be supported at the public expense had ceased to be an agreeable novelty, and now appeared quite the natural and becoming thing. But the extortioner could make his own terms, and they gave him his 50 per cent. Fields then got a bill through the Legislature authorizing the Comptroller to pay the "balance of the claims which had been found due." This balance in the mind of the Legislature referred to the \$722 06 which remained of the first \$50,000. But Fields construed it to mean any claim which might be brought forward for services rendered. He paid to the firemen \$459,977 97, half of which sum he kept to himself. From Quigg, the original interlocutor, and from some others he did not exact his commission of 50 per cent. Fields, as we have said, is now at Albany, as strong and as impudent as ever.

Wood's case is a particularly simple and likewise a significant one. In his case alone do we know precisely where to put the blame of escape. The Senate had it open to them to expel him, and they refused to do it. He received \$10,000 from Tweed, and \$5,000 from Jay Gould, and about the same time he voted for some of their measures. Tweed and Gould assert in Wood's behalf that the money was "lent," but they admit that they would not have lent it had he voted against them. Upon this the Senate decide that Wood has not violated the privileges of their body! We have heard a great deal about the impossibility of fixing a definite portion of the general rascality at Albany upon anybody. Here was an excellent chance; a better one can never offer. The punishment, by prosecution at law, of Tweed and Connolly was no doubt a very much more difficult thing to accomplish. These men have had control of the legislation of the State for the last ten years, and have framed the laws in their interest and for their protection, and it may be that there were especial legal obstacles to the immediate trial of Tweed and Connolly. It was certainly unwise to begin with the trial of Hall. It put the public in an unpleasant dilemma. He was technically much the whitest of the lot with whom he was classed, and there was moreover a good deal of popular sympathy with him. On the other hand, his acquittal would have made it more difficult to convict the others, and have interrupted the momentum with which the public retribution approached Tweed and Connolly; the trial was sure to be a long one, and it was most important that the law's delay should not induce a return of our old languor and apathy before the punishment of the worst of the robbers had been consummated. It seems to us therefore greatly to be regretted that the prosecution should have begun with the trial of Mayor Hall.

Our great difficulty seems to be the legal obstructions with which the thieves have hedged themselves in, and the control their confederates still maintain in the Legislature. We are too apt to think of these men as of late entertaining a small idea of themselves. Some months ago the worst of them were badly frightened, but with the opening spring, and the Presidential election, and the apparently oblivious public, they are beginning to put on a more cheerful and confident exterior. At Albany, so far from suffering stigma or ostracism, they are influential and popular. They possess, of course, great experience in the details of legislation; they help the young members to get through their bills, and in many ways make themselves useful and agreeable. They are said to have a very genuine fund of good-nature, and to be the most agreeable men and best fellows at the capital. Indeed, from some of the talk we should imagine that a man at Albany who had never stolen anything would be continually oppressed with an uncomfortable sense of inferiority. The state of public feeling has been such that persons naturally well disposed and glad to stand well with their neighbors could be guilty of corruption with but a slight loss of their own self-esteem. The crime a man may confess does not deprive him of his own good opinion, does not commit him to meanness. These men, indeed, could not confess to corruption in so many words. But Tweed and his friends

had a definite understanding with each other, and they maintained a general understanding with the rest of the world, that they had their own way of doing business. Tweed was strong and therefore respectable. What men may do with impunity they are not apt to think they sin greatly in doing, and of course it is just here that we see the need of some ignominious punishment for these people. Their chariots and fine houses have made them almost respectable in the eyes of the multitude; it is necessary that some symbols as easily appreciated shall make them utterly disresponsible. We need to call to the aid of man's moral sense that contempt there always remains in human nature for the vanquished and the humiliated. To a philosopher a rogue may be the same everywhere and under all conditions; but to ordinary men, and to philosophers too, the senator lolling in the curule chair at Albany is a very different being from the wretch who looks out from behind the bars of a window at Auburn. We have not failed altogether; we have gained in the confidence of our ability to punish rogues—a great step forward; we have had some pleasurable feelings of indignation, which have greatly raised us in our own good opinion; we have been at times quite austere and inflexible. But the object of all the gravities and emotions is to punish somebody. The thing to do now is to inflict on the worst of the offenders some stigma against which their good-nature, their impudence, their semi-decorum, cannot stand for an hour; when that has been accomplished, we may rest for awhile. Is there any hope of inflicting it?

THE PROSPECT OF ANOTHER EUROPEAN WAR.

THERE has been a vague dread of a renewal of the war between France and Germany diffused through Europe during the last two or three weeks by a threat made, with a semi-official air, in the London *Daily Telegraph*, of all places in the world. That Bismarck should select any English paper as a medium for making known his ferocious intentions with regard to France seemed surprising enough, but that he should select among English papers the *Daily Telegraph*, seemed more surprising still. Indeed, it has seemed so surprising that the rest of the English press has apparently come to the conclusion that there is nothing whatever in the story. But the undeniable facts of the case are of too serious a nature to make it possible to treat it as a mere "newspaper sensation." We may not know what Bismarck has in his mind, or what Thiers has in his mind; but the world does know that the reorganization of the French army is proceeding on a truly formidable scale, and that there is nothing which M. Thiers has so much at heart, and perhaps nothing on which he counts so strongly for the restoration of French self-respect. The army on its present footing is now over 400,000 strong, and M. Thiers boasted in his speech at the adjournment of the Assembly the other day that it had not for many a day been in so good condition. Special attention has been devoted to the artillery, which the outbreak of the war found in such woful plight, and about which the Emperor, as the Duc de Gramont confesses in his recent book, was so terribly deceived. The number of field-guns is being raised from 1,800 to 2,700, and the model adopted is said to excel the Prussian gun in nearly all respects. The new bill which has just been reported to the Assembly, and will probably be passed, and of which we gave a summary last week, will raise the French force available for defence to 1,200,000 men, and will give a force available for offensive operations little if any short of 700,000. It is impossible that the Germans can look on these preparations with indifference or without serious apprehensions, and it is not denied that they are fortifying the strongholds on the French frontier with extraordinary care and diligence, and that the training of the troops was never carried on with closer attention to every detail of organization. Even a balloon corps is undergoing thorough drill, the German attempts in this field during the late war having been of the most melancholy description; and the controversy which has been raging over the performances of the artillery is not unlikely to end in the adoption of a new gun.

At first glance, it appears as if it was folly for the French to hope for anything in the shape of "revenge" within any period worth thinking about. But it is well known that French politicians have given up all design, if they ever entertained any, of attacking Germany single-handed. Their foreign policy now is directed to the single object of forming an alliance with some one of the powers with which the growth of Germany, and the arrogance which is an ordinary concomitant of growth, may bring her into collision, and of raising the army to a point of strength and perfection which will make their alliance worth courting. It is no secret that the dissolution of Austria is looked for by Continental diplomatists as the next great European convulsion. When or how this is to come nobody pretends to know, but that it is not very far off few doubt, in spite of the fact that the finances of the empire have been undergoing of late something like a revival, which is ordinarily a healthy sign, but in this case really is a sign of disease—for the very increase of material prosperity brings with it an increase of the race hatreds and ambitions on which Austria so long lived, but which are now tearing her to pieces. Whenever this catastrophe occurs, it will leave Eastern Europe strewn with political debris, over which Russia and Germany, it is believed, can hardly fail to quarrel. Germany is not in the least likely to permit the control of the mouth of the Danube to pass into Russian hands, or Russia to give up her secular desire for a free outlet to the Mediterranean—so that even if the disposition of the Slavic provinces of Austria were easy to settle, there are in what used in Lord Palmerston's day to be called the "Eastern question" the materials for a fierce conflict, and a conflict of which it would be difficult to foretell the issue, supposing the two combatants to have it to themselves. In such a contingency, the French flatter themselves that they would be able to turn the scale, and would almost certainly be asked to do it by Russia.

They have, however, another string to their bow. France has paid as much of the indemnity as she is able to pay out of her own resources. The remaining three milliards she must borrow, and she will try to borrow it, and will probably succeed, in England. To get into debt to England to this amount would give England a powerful reason for backing France up, though it would give her no control over the French Government. The plan of having the whole of the national debt held by the people itself which owes the money, as carried out by the Empire, has a good many fascinations of a sentimental kind, and some solid advantages; but it has the serious disadvantage of depriving the debtor in the hour of distress of the benefit of that interest in his fortunes which a creditor always feels.

If foreigners had had a powerful stake in French finances, many Frenchmen now believe that M. Thiers' wanderings in search of an ally in 1870 would not have been so unfruitful, and they propose to make friends by getting into the debt of those for whom the help of their army has no attractions. In what particular "collision" they fancy that England could be got to play a part it is difficult to say, but probably one caused by German designs on Belgium, which they think Bismarck will some day seize to round off his frontier on the left bank of the Rhine. But with regard to Bismarck they think all things are possible. They look on him as an ambitious conqueror, whose head has been turned by success, and who cannot long refrain from new enterprises, and whose theory that the Empire needs a glacis and outposts would constantly tempt him into "rectifications" of the frontier on one side or the other. The "principle of nationality," too, they think must some day lead him to lay hands on German Switzerland and to listen to the prayers of the Germans of the Baltic provinces of Russia.

All these hopes, we do not need to point out, are hopes which, as must be felt by those who cherish them most fondly, will need a long time for their fulfilment, and are hopes which might be entertained for half a century before beginning to look wild or unreasonable. When we consider, therefore, that as long as they last they will keep France and Germany armed to their utmost capacity, will lead to the devotion every year of an enormous amount of the wealth and industry of the two countries to the preparation and maintenance

nance of military and naval armaments, and will continue—and this is the worst result of all—year after year to turn a very large part of the very highest intellect of both countries to the science of destruction pure and simple, it is difficult to paint in colors too dark the prospect which the war of 1870-1 has opened up before Continental Europe.

If France had had the good luck at the close of the war to light on a young statesman, dominated by modern ideas, and capable of convincing her of the enormous capacity of revenge even in its coarsest form which is to be attained by steady devotion to the arts of peace, we might have seen the military phase of progress, as it has been called, closed in our own day. As it is, we are apparently in for another hundred years of it.

PARISIAN JOURNALISM.

PARIS, April 10, 1872.

THE complete stagnation of the political world leaves me room for some general considerations on the subject of the French press and the French periodicals. It must often have astonished you that France should have had for many years but one successful review. The *Revue des Deux Mondes* enjoys a complete monopoly. Many rival reviews have tried in vain to thrive by its side—the *Modern*, the *Germanic*, the *Contemporary*, etc.; after a vain struggle, they invariably disappear. The *Revue des Deux Mondes* itself had great difficulty in establishing an independent existence. I know from good authority that till 1848—that is, twenty years after its foundation—it had an annual deficit. Success, in a financial point of view, only came after the golden days of Alfred de Musset, of Madame Sand, and of Mérimée. The Empire consecrated this success, as the liberty of the press was completely extinguished after the *coup d'état*. The Liberals still found, however, in the historical, the æsthetic, the religious, the diplomatic articles of the *Revue* a feeble and half-concealed expression of their regrets and of their hopes. The *Revue* owes no doubt much of its importance to the character of its editor. Buloz was born in Savoy, and he has all the stubbornness of a mountainous race. He knows but one object in life, the *Revue*. He began life as a printer, and he has all the professional pride of a good compositor in the material perfection of every number; there is not even a single proof which he does not see and correct with his own hand. He has seen all the great names of literature and politics grow, as it were, under his patronage. He treats rank, talent, and even genius on a footing of equality. He is the President of the Republic of Letters, and ministers, ambassadors, diplomats, *immortels* of the Academy must call in person upon him, and often wait in his bureaux. It is only just to say that he is prompt at discerning talent; that to be unknown and young is almost a title in his eyes; and that he is not more severe, more critical, more harsh with the novices than with the oldest and most illustrious writers. During the two or three days which precede the appearance of a number, no human or divine power could drive Buloz away. He works day and night, and is never satisfied. Forcade, who for many years under the Empire wrote the political "Chronique," told me that he had found but one way to calm Buloz during this periodical crisis. When he became too censorious, Forcade quietly took his hat as if to go away, leaving the "Chronique" unfinished. Then Buloz was obliged to retire to his own room grumbling, and Forcade had a few hours to himself. I do not think that Buloz ever paid a compliment to any author—he is afraid of spoiling them; even when he knows that he has in his hand an admirable article he scolds. His silence is worth more than the applause of thousands. His terrible earnestness, his untiring devotion to his work, his utter disregard of friendship, of old acquaintances, of what the French call *camaraderie*, have no doubt helped him to build up a review with which nobody dares now to compete. It would seem that by his character Buloz must have made enemies enough to start a new review; but the fact is that he has no real enemies; he has no personal hatreds; the day after he has given offence to a writer by refusing an article, he would gladly accept another if he thought it good. Even those who belong to the *genus irritabile vatum* always return to him after a while, when he does not himself return to them.

The *Revue*, before the war broke out, had above 20,000 subscribers. The number fell off during the war, but is rising again. We must not accept it as a fact that there are in France only 15,000 persons (for there are 5,000 foreign subscribers) who have a general culture, as the *Revue* is seen in every club, in every *cabinet de lecture*, and even in the great *cafés*. But it cannot be denied that the reading public cannot be very large in a community which is contented with only one review, and which, curiously enough, has not a single magazine. When I think of the vast number of magazines

which are prospering in England, I have often wondered that this familiar sort of a periodical did not exist in France. I think that the reason is this: though the magazines in England and in America have often important articles on politics and literature, their special attraction is in their novels. How people can read at the same time four or five novels in different magazines at broken intervals, and keep the run of all the engagements entered into, of all the deaths and marriages, is a problem which has often puzzled me, but which seems to be solved with the greatest ease by many a country girl. In France, the novels do not appear in periodicals—they appear in the daily paper, in the *feuilleton*. The gravest papers, the *Journal des Débats*, the *Moniteur*, are obliged to have other heroes than those of the army, other personages than the actors of the political drama. In the upper part of the paper, we are informed of all the movements of the foreign potentates, of M. and Madame Thiers. In the *feuilleton* we enter a fantastic world, which is to many readers of the daily papers the most interesting. This revolution, for it was a revolution, of introducing the *feuilleton* into the press began in the second part of Louis Philippe's reign. It produced that particular kind of a novel which is called sensational, for it cannot be expected that fine analysis of character, that long descriptions, that minute psychological details, could be well appreciated in a *feuilleton*. The reader must be left every day under some strong impression; *la suite au prochain numéro* must always mark a crisis. Paul Féval, one of the most popular of our sensational novelists, used to write three or four novels at the same time for various papers. In order to find his way in the labyrinth of his own imagination, he had a number of small dolls for each story, strung together in the dress of their rôle—monks, mousquetaires, kings, duchesses, soldiers, etc. His valet brought him the string of the novel he was working at, and each time one of the personages was killed or died, the corresponding doll was taken off. One day the valet forgot to take away the doll of a personage who had come to grief and had fallen in a duel. The editor of the paper in which the novel appeared was surprised to receive a number of astonished or angry letters: "How is it that —, who was killed a month ago, has come to life again?" The editor consulted Féval, who consulted his own story and his own string, and perceived the omission of his valet.

Eugène Sue was one of the first "exploiters" of the *feuilleton*. The "Mysteries of Paris" and the "Wandering Jew" were great events and great scandals in their day. But the sensitive fibre has in the long run been made insensible by repeated sensations, and our present *feuilletonists* are at their wit's ends to keep up the excitement. There is a large class of smaller papers that sprang up under the Empire, which give hardly any place to politics, and must have stories—the *Petite Presse*, the *Petit Journal*, the *Petit Moniteur*. They have thousands of subscribers in the small towns and even in villages; and they have a staff of writers who are very clever in their way, but obliged to work always in the same direction. Ponson du Terrail and Gaboriau are the last stars in this provincial circle of French literature. They are the novelists of crime and secret police; they drag their readers through all the vices imaginable; they are the inventors of horrors and of monsters. Anything more disgusting, more unreal, more absurd than "Rocambole," the "great" story of Ponson du Terrail, it would be impossible to imagine.

But, after all, it has been found impossible to amuse the public only with novels; and in the latter part of the Empire journalism entered upon a new phase. The *Figaro* is the type of a journal which is unknown in America and in England. There is still a *feuilleton* in it; but the upper part of the paper, instead of consisting of editorials, of letters from correspondents, and so on, is cut up into various chapters of what I must call daily gossip. I take a number just before me. On the first page there is an account of a first representation in a small theatre of a new piece called the "Timbale d'Argent." Instead of a review of the play, and a judgment passed on the acting, it contains an enumeration of all the swells and the *femmes à la mode* who were in the boxes. Their names are given in full—Comte d'Holilly, Comte de Gony, de la Rochefoucauld, de Chebrillon, etc.—more than twenty of them; and with these Mademoiselle Cora Pearl, a celebrated horse-breaker, Mademoiselle Moisset, and many others, whose names ought never to be pronounced. Some fragments of conversation are reported—of the conversation which took place in the boxes, in the orchestra, and in the *couloirs* between the acts. Pleasant witticisms, more or less authentic, are placed in the mouths of various gentlemen and ladies. The whole article is, in fact, a succession of *bons mots*, so arranged that you need not read the whole, but can content yourself with a fragment, which is a whole in itself. At the end are three lines on the new piece. Some one of our young swells says to another at the door, "At last the theatre of the Choiseul Passage has got hold of an amusing piece, which will not be a passing one." And on this last joke ends the article. Then comes a new series under the title "Universal Echo." There is the Echo of Marseilles, of Nice, of Lyons. The

Echo of London tells us the story of the murder of a French lady by her cook. Article third, a dissertation on Courbet, the painter. Was the jury of painters right in refusing his two pictures—a picture of rotten apples, and another of a Communist lady undressed? Was the jury to refuse these pictures because they were bad and indecent, or because Courbet was a Communist and upset the Colonne Vendôme? These questions are not at all discussed in a grave and pedantic manner; they are treated in the jocular style, and you see at once that the writer could very well argue on every side. After a Political Chronicle, which has some pretensions to seriousness, comes a new series of Echoes, this time all from Versailles; and there is not much exaggeration in saying that each one of these Echoes is a lie. Casimir Périer is again to be Minister; a portfolio has been offered to him; he refused it; M. de Larcy has given in his resignation, etc. Then comes a series, "Paris au jour le jour." You can imagine what this may be. Every young writer of the *Figaro* can put anything he likes into this *caput mortuum*—the last story he heard at the races, at the café, at the restaurant—always with the proper names. Nothing is too strong, too sensational, too personal. I will cite an extract, to give you an idea of the style: "Painful reflection of a man of the 4th of September, who has just learnt astronomy: How happy the planets! they can make a revolution at least once a year." It is all in this vein.

There are now four papers of this stamp—*Figaro*, the *Paris Journal*, *l'Événement*, *l'Éclair*, and they are slowly absorbing all the attention of the public and diverting their minds from the more serious papers. They are frivolous even when they are strong partisans. The suppressed *Gaulois* was Bonapartist, the *Figaro* is Royalist; but there is no deep conviction in the minds of the journalists who simply write to amuse the public. The Empire has created a new class of men, who are not at all the poor journalists of old times, living in their dark offices. Any young fellow, without the faintest idea of law, of history, of literature, can enter the staff of the *Figaresques* papers, providing he is well dressed, knows how to fence, bets at the races, and shows himself in the fashionable restaurants. He must have no opinions, for opinions are a dead weight; he must be very racy, very impudent, and as bold as a young lion. There were once journalists in France, called Chateaubriand, Royer-Collard, Guizot; they were stern, serious men. But "nous avons changé tout cela."

OPENING OF THE IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

BERLIN, April 8, 1872.

SINCE the retirement of Queen Victoria from the spectacular functions of her station, the displacement of Louis Napoleon from the Tuileries, and the "moral" imprisonment of the Pope in the Vatican, the occasions for royal pageantry in Europe have been sensibly reduced, greatly to the disappointment of travellers and sight-seers, to the annoyance of tradesmen who used to profit by such displays, and to the prejudice of courts themselves, which, in order to retain the veneration of the people, must keep up appearances. But while state spectacles are declining in other countries, the erection of Germany into an empire has served to connect the most progressive nation of Continental Europe with the traditions and ceremonies of the past; and the opening of the Imperial Parliament is made an occasion of exceptional interest. This ceremony took place to-day in the "White Hall" of the old Schloss; and as I had the good fortune to be one of the two hundred privileged spectators, I will briefly reproduce it for the readers of the *Nation*.

The indisposition of the Emperor, and the consequent non-attendance of the court, deprived the spectacle of that imposing effect which last year revived the pomp of mediæval pageants; yet this very circumstance gave to the scene a dignified simplicity, which crowned it with a certain moral grandeur. Long before the hour, the great inner court of the palace was lined on either side with the mounted guard in fine array; then came the long line of carriages with rich trappings and liveries, with officials and officers in brilliant accoutrements, and ladies dressed as for a morning reception. The White Hall is a spacious saloon of vast height, adorned with pillars and carvings of silver, and resplendent with mirrors and chandeliers. It has no furniture except the throne upon one side, on a dais of purple velvet, and on either hand of this a row of cushioned chairs for the court. At an elevation of forty feet upon opposite sides are balconies, of which one is divided into loges for noble and distinguished guests, and the other is the tribune for spectators. The floor is of fine wood, inlaid in various forms and colors, and the walls and ceiling are richly decorated. A little before the opening, two liveried servants appeared with censers, and perfumed the air with incense. Then one by one, or in groups of two and three, the officers and members of the Reichstag entered the hall; the foreign ambassadors occupied a loge, all others stood upon the floor. All were in full dress—the

civilians displaying their orders, and the military officers presenting that rich variety of uniform for which the German army is conspicuous. There was much friendly greeting and animated conversation, and the effect of these highly ornamented figures moving and gesticulating, as seen from the lofty tribune through the glittering pendants of the chandeliers and against the background of silvered mirrors, was like a fairy spectacle.

Suddenly there was a hush throughout the hall, and precisely at two o'clock Prince Bismarck entered, followed by the members of the Imperial Council. The Prince wore a brilliant uniform—blue coat, white pantaloons, high-topped cavalry boots with silver spurs, an orange-colored sash over one shoulder descending to the waist, his breast glittering with decorations. Holding his helmet in his hand, he took his station by the side of the throne, and, bowing to the assembly, he announced his commission from the Emperor to open the Parliament, and then as Chancellor of the Empire read the Imperial speech. At the close of the reading, which did not occupy ten minutes, in the name of the Emperor he declared the Reichstag open. In the name of the Parliament, President Simson then proposed cheers for the Emperor, "Long may he live," and raising his hat led the company in a hearty *hoch*, which was three times repeated. Prince Bismarck then greeted the members personally, and the ceremony was over.

The speech was extremely businesslike and matter-of-fact. In brief paragraphs, it disposed of financial, military, postal, and other internal economies of the Empire for the year, and of the question of taxation, with special reference to malt and beer. It alluded favorably to commercial and postal conventions with other countries, especially with Portugal and the United States. The pregnant passages of the speech were these three: first, congratulation upon the development of German nationality as promising a stable and peaceful future to the newly-founded Empire. Secondly, the assurance that the pacification and reconstruction of the annexed provinces of Elsass-Lothringen were going forward in a most satisfactory manner. Prominence was given to the Strassburg University as an agency of Germanic culture. Thirdly, the announcement that it would be the policy of the Emperor to make the power which Germany had gained through her unification as an empire not only the defence of Germany herself, but the guardian of the peace of Europe.

Having worked laboriously for months in carrying his great measures of reform through the Prussian Legislature, Bismarck must now take in hand other progressive measures in the Imperial Parliament. It is as though one mind should lead both the New York Legislature and the National Congress, and at the same time be the confidential adviser of the President in all weighty matters of internal policy and foreign diplomacy. Bismarck has well earned his honors and renown.

Honorable mention was made of Professor Morse at the monthly meeting of the Geographical Society on the 6th instant, and several journals here have paid brief tributes to his memory.

AUSWANDERER.

Correspondence.

"A BOOK OF NO ORDINARY CHARACTER."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of March 23, in that style which is peculiarly your own—indeed, for which you "may be said to have a genius"—you attack Dr. Elder's "Questions of the Day" generally, but more especially the position therein taken regarding the economic policy of Belgium since its separation from the Netherlands in 1830. However, notwithstanding the fact that Dr. Elder has the misfortune thus to find himself at issue with so high an authority as the *Nation*, he is right, and the *Nation* is wrong. By reference to "Questions of the Day," pp. 239 and 240, it will be seen that the author says:

"Our whole case might be safely rested upon the facts of the industrial and commercial history of the little kingdom of Belgium alone"; and further, "Her customs system shows how wisely she has guarded all these interests"; and, "She has put herself, through wise and persistent protection, into the list of the nations that no longer need any defences against her industrial and commercial rivals." "I must not detain the reader with a statement of the tariff rates which have secured all these results."

In all of these statements, and in others which might be quoted, it is made clear to every candid mind that he is contemplating a *history* not of one, two, or even three years, but the history of a policy during forty years, and the manner and extent to which that policy has "secured the results" which he claims. He could hardly have been expected to print all of the tariffs enacted by Belgium during those forty

years, and hence he has taken his illustrations from a single one—and that a fair type of the entire class. This one is the tariff of 1850, printed in Newdegate's "Tariff of All Nations," 1855, and was at the latter date—*twenty-five years after the adoption of the protective policy*—the law of the land. The rates given by Dr. Elder are, one and all, strictly correct, even to that of *two cents per ton on raw sugar*, which you consider so absurd that you print it in italics.

But enough of Dr. Elder, his facts and figures—our main purpose being an examination of yours. We would invite your attention to certain items taken from the Belgian tariff of 1866, as published by the United States Bureau of Statistics in 1869-70, and, by that authority, given as "*in force since June, 1866.*" The items are as follows:

[Mr. Baird here inserts no small part of the tariff of Belgium, with the expectation that we shall publish it. This we decline to do; but, in order to do him no injustice, we publish sufficient to illustrate his argument.—ED. NATION.]

SKINS, large and small, green, salted, or dry; wool, raw, combed, carded, or dyed; woollen rags and yarns, unfit for manufacture; horse-hair, and all crude animal matter not enumerated; feathers; silk in cocoons; manures; fibrous vegetable materials for spinning, etc.,		Free.
SUGAR—Raw,		Free.
" Refined, candy, 100 kilogs. (220 lbs.)		\$11 03
" " loaf,		10 31
" " of No. 19 and above, 100 kilogs.,		10 31
STARCH—For distilleries,		Free.
" Of less than 50 per cent. sugar, 100 kilogs.,		\$2 93
COCOA—Raw,		2 93
" Prepared,		5 85
TOBACCO—Unmanufactured, not stemmed,		1 64
" Stemmed,		2 57
" Manufactured,		8 10
" Cigars,		50 31
SALT,		Free.
" Refined, 100 kilogs.,		\$7 94
YARNS—		
Cotton Yarns, unbleached and bleached, measuring per half kilogramme.		
20,000 metres or less, 100 kilogs.,		2 93
20,000 to 30,000 metres,		3 90
30,000 to 40,000 "		5 85
40,000 to 65,000 "		7 80
Over 65,000 "		1 95
Cotton Yarns, dyed or warped, measuring per half kilogramme.		
20,000 metres or less, 100 kilogs.,		4 87
20,000 to 30,000 metres,		5 85
30,000 to 40,000 "		7 80
40,000 to 65,000 "		9 75
Over 65,000 "		1 95
Woolen Yarns, not twisted or dyed, 100 kilogs.,		3 90
" twisted or dyed,		5 85
Linen Yarns, of hemp and jute, measuring per kilogramme.		
Not twisted or dyed, 20,000 metres or less, 100 kilogs.,		1 95
Twisted or dyed, 20,000 metres or less,		2 93
Twisted or dyed, over 20,000 metres,		5 85
Not twisted or dyed, over 20,000 metres,		3 90
Silk, spun,		Free.

Will you now, Mr. Editor, kindly inform your readers how a tariff in operation in 1869-70, from which the above items are taken, bears out your very confident assertion, "that so far from the tariff of Belgium being an example of the protective system, the whole policy of protection was practically abandoned as far back as 1855"? We assert, without fear of contradiction, that these provisions, considering the comparative rates of wages, and of the development of the industries here and in Belgium, are more thoroughly protective than a majority of the duties on similar products in our existing tariff. When, too, you say "that with the exception of Great Britain, the tariff of Belgium is now, and for years has been, the most liberal in Europe," we simply point you to that of the Netherlands, not that this latter is by any means the "most liberal" to foreigners, but to prove how utterly without foundation is this other assertion of yours.

HENRY CAREY BAIRD.

PHILADELPHIA, 406 WALNUT STREET, April 17, 1872.

[As it would in general be quite impracticable to admit controversy in regard to facts treated of in our reviews, our giving place to this communication must not be taken as a precedent. It is not clear to our mind that when Dr. Elder stated certain rates of duty as existing in Belgium, using unqualifiedly the present tense in so doing, he was contemplating "a history of a policy of forty years"; and, furthermore, we should like to know what a policy of forty years, or Dr. Elder's private contemplations, have got to do with this sentence, quoted from page 240 of his work, "Questions of the Day": "The differential duties charged upon imports in foreign vessels (into Belgium) are, on the average, quite one hundred per cent.," when the fact is there are no differential duties at all existing in Belgium, and have not been for nearly twenty years. Neither do we think the forty-year policy, even if admitted, will help Mr. Baird or his author out of their

difficulty. Thus, from 1814 to 1830—a period of sixteen years—the tariff of Belgium (then a part of Holland) imposed three per cent. duties as a maximum on the import of raw materials, and six per cent. on manufactured articles. From 1830 to 1855—a period of twenty-five years—protective and discriminating duties were imposed; but in 1851 the finance minister, in his place in parliament, declared that if this policy was continued, it would prove the ruin of the whole system of domestic industry; and in 1855 the parliament and the people so fully acquiesced in his opinion that protection was swept away at once and for ever, and the duties on imports arranged purely with a view to revenue. So that when Mr. Baird talks about Dr. Elder's contemplating a policy of forty years, he talks about contemplations which never existed; and when he says he has taken his illustrations from "a single one of the Belgian tariffs, and that a fair type of the entire class," he means that he selected the protective tariffs that prevailed in twenty-five out of the fifty-eight years that have elapsed since 1814, and did not give his readers the faintest hint of the fact that the duties he referred to had not been in existence for a period of seventeen years.

Mr. Baird asks us to publish a large fraction of the Belgian tariff, with a view of showing that where Belgium does impose duties on imports, she grades them, putting most raw materials on the free list, a small duty on the lowest grade of manufactured goods, and higher duties on those of a higher value and elaboration; and then triumphantly asks us if this is not protection. In answer to this we quote again the following extract from the speech of the Belgian finance minister, M. Orban, in presenting the budget of 1867:

"There is no doubt that very few people could be found who would maintain our customs for the sake of the institution itself. Those who support the necessity of customs do so for the sole reason that it is a means of obtaining revenue. The principal obstacle we meet when we attempt to abolish our customs is the considerable revenue they yield to the State—revenue which we should have to replace by other taxes."

We regard this highest official utterance of Belgium as a sufficient demonstration that the idea of protection has not in any degree entered into the construction of the Belgian tariff. But as Mr. Baird may say that the tariff, as he has quoted it, speaks for itself, and speaks also to the contrary, we will meet him even on this ground.

When a nation decides—as all nations have decided—that it is expedient to collect a part of their revenue from taxes on imports, the imposition of differential duties becomes a matter of necessity and a condition of equality and justice. Thus to illustrate: if Belgium were to impose a given duty on the import of a so-called "raw material," and the same and no higher duty on the articles elaborated from such material, it is clear that the raw material, or the product slightly elaborated, supposing the existence of foreign competition, could not be imported. A system of such duties would, therefore, discriminate against the freedom of trade, and against the industry of her own citizens. It would also violate the fundamental conditions of every system of taxation, namely, equality; for exactly the same tax would be imposed on a small amount of property, or measure of wealth, as was imposed on a larger. Belgium thus simply recognized these conditions in framing her customs system; and the attempt to parade her differential duties in face of the declarations of her finance minister, and in face of the fact that there is hardly a legislator, a newspaper, or an author in all Belgium that is not opposed to protection, is a stale device. As well might Mr. Baird call the Cunard, Inman, or Williams & Gunion Companies protectionists because they charge freight on goods transported in their steamers, and discriminate with high rates on goods of high value, and with low rates on goods of low value.

Neither is there the slightest foundation for Mr. Baird's assertion that the discriminating duties of Belgium are as thoroughly protective, when measured by the Belgian rates of wages and her industrial development, as are the duties levied in the United States. Thus, for example, all sugar not above No. 19 is admitted into Belgium free. This exempts from duty nineteen-twentieths of all

the sugar used by the people; and imposes a duty only on such of the forms of sugar, including candy, as are pure luxuries. Cocoa and tobacco are also articles of luxury, and the duties levied on them are clearly with reference to revenue; and when we remember that a kilogramme is 220 pounds avoirdupois, it is difficult to see how any less duties than those existing could be imposed and any revenue whatever collected. Cotton yarns being an article of necessity, the illustration can be made more to the point. Yarns of the lowest grade are charged with a duty of seven-tenths of a cent a pound, the cost of the article itself being probably at least 20 cents. The next grade pays 1.7 cents per pound, and the highest 3.5 cents per pound. Now, in the United States, the duties on the import of cotton yarns range from 10 cents per pound and 20 per cent. ad valorem (equivalent to from 15 to 18 cents per pound) to 40 cents per pound and 20 per cent. ad valorem (equivalent to from 56 to 75 cents avoirdupois per pound). We think that neither Mr. Baird nor any one else will have the hardihood to assert that these differences in the customs on the import of cotton yarns to Belgium and the United States represent even approximately the differences existing in the wages and industrial development of the two countries.

In one respect, we will admit that we have committed an error. We said that the existing tariff of Belgium was, with the exception of that of Great Britain, the most liberal in Europe. We should have also excepted Holland, in whose tariff we find no duty, except on spirits, exceeding *five* per cent. ad valorem.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

WE are to have, it seems, Mr. Seward's account of his roundabout tour in a book, "Travels Around the World," of which the Appletons will be publishers.—De Witt C. Lent & Co. announce "The Ministry of Song," a volume of religious poetry, by Frances Ridley Havergal.—Roberts Bros. publish at once Frederic Mistral's Provençal poem entitled "Miréio," translated by Miss Harriet W. Preston; Laurent Laporte's "Sailing on the Nile," translated by Virginia Vaughan; "Happy Thought Hall," by F. C. Burnand; "Six of One by Half a Dozen of the Other," the composite novel by Mrs. H. B. Stowe, Rev. E. E. Hale, and three others; and "Paul of Tarsus," by a Graduate.—"Influence of the Mind upon the Body," by D. H. Tuke, M.D., is in the press of Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.—Richard Wagner's "Beethoven," translated by Albert R. Parsons, will be published by Benham Bros., Indianapolis.—S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago, announce "Getting on in the World," by Prof. William Matthews.—A reprint from the "Vermont Historical Gazetteer" of the "Histories of St. Albans and Sheldon," will be issued by Stephen E. Royce, of the former place.—Mr. L. W. Schmidt has received from Frederick Muller, of Amsterdam, Part I. of his "Catalogue of Books, Maps, Plates on America, and of a Remarkable Collection of Early Voyages," including a large number of books in all languages, with biographical and historical notes, and an essay towards a complete Dutch-American bibliography. This catalogue, while having the usual mercantile character, is designed to be worthy of preservation on its own account, and as such merits the attention of all collectors and librarians. It will doubtless prove as good an illustration as need be desired of the truth of the "firm conviction" which Mr. Muller now entertains, that "the antiquarian bookseller can largely serve science—bibliography or literary history especially—without forgetting his own profit."

—T. O. Weigel, a well-known publisher of Leipzig, and the author, with the co-operation of the late Dr. A. Zistermann, of a valuable work on early printing, "Die Anfänge der Druckerkunst in Bild und Schrift," advertises to be sold at auction at Leipzig, on the 27th of May and on the following days, the whole of his precious stock of materials collected for the illustration of the above-mentioned work. To all persons interested in this branch of learning, Mr. Weigel's announcement ought to be of the first importance. To seekers after the few scattered bits of cloth and paper by which alone we track the beginnings of the art of printing—now so common a possession of the race that the time when it did not exist seems as far away as the years when the mastodon grazed in the meadows of Orange County; to seekers after these Sibylline leaves now sick with hope deferred of ever getting hold of any of them—for the few that have drifted down to us have long been garnered into private collections, or have found safe resting-place for years to come in the public museums of Europe—Mr. Weigel's news gives

a new hope, and there are already signs of great excitement in the tribe. The descriptive catalogue, of which only a few copies have reached this country, and for an opportunity of examining which we are indebted to Mr. F. W. Christern, is itself a book of value and no mean addition to the library of a student of such matters. Mr. Weigel describes it as, in fact, an abridgment of his larger work, and as capable of being used as an introduction to the study of it. It contains twelve illustrations, and is drawn up with great precision, every piece being minutely described, and all those of remarkable importance marked with one, two, or three asterisks, according to the rarity or other noteworthy feature of each specimen. There are in all 533 numbers, and they are classified under the following heads: I. Impressions upon stuffs, Nos. 1 to 10. II. Engravings upon metal, Nos. 11 to 69. III. Engravings upon wood, surrounded with impression from metal borders, Nos. 70 to 74. IV. Engravings upon wood, Nos. 75 to 232. V. Block-books, Nos. 233 to 302. VI. Playing-cards, Nos. 303 to 321. VII. Engravings in stipple (*en manière criblée*), Nos. 322 to 400. VIII. Impressions in paste, Nos. 401 to 405. IX. Engravings on copper, Nos. 406 to 508. X. Early printed books, Nos. 509 to 533. Besides a carefully prepared index, there is also at the beginning of the book a useful list of forty-one of the most desirable pieces.

—Literary coincidences are common enough, but perhaps when one considers the barrenness of the human mind, and the fewness of the ideas which make up the sum total of its slowly-gathered wealth, it is strange that they are not commoner still. But they are no doubt of commoner occurrence than discovery. Two or three have lately been going the round of the press. One is the coincidence between the recent story called "Poor Miss Finch" and a story contained in Bulwer's "Pilgrims of the Rhine." We dare say Mr. Collins had almost entirely forgotten the "Pilgrims of the Rhine"—as we are sure we had, though we dimly remembered it as something pleasantly romantic and sentimental and impossible—and that he had out-and-out forgotten the tale of the blind nobleman and the two sisters. One cannot imagine a man of his intelligence as wilfully spoiling the pretty little tale for the sake of making it into so stupid a story as "Poor Miss Finch." Mr. Collins, by the way, and another and still poorer English novelist, Mr. Edmund Yates, are coming to this country to lecture this coming season, and, doubtless, to make a book apiece about us, so we may as well all be prepared with some "tall talk" about the indirect claims and the sure advent of the British republic. Another person accused as a plagiarist is "George Eliot," concerning whose alleged thefts Mr. Charles Reade has just been in one of his tantrums. She is also the subject of a communication to the editor of the *Churchman* of this city, the correspondent having found a typical "plagiarism" of the kind most often discovered by the hunters of this sort of game. The coincidence is between a passage in "Middlemarch" and a passage in William Chambers's memoir of his brother. The latter we give first:

"My father took the book (the 'Encyclopedia Britannica') off Sandy's hands. . . . I lighted upon the stored book, and from that time for weeks all my spare time was spent beside the chest [containing the book]. It was a new world to me."—Memoir of Robert Chambers, 1872, p. 62.

" . . . he took down a dusty row of volumes with gray paper backs and dingy labels—the volumes of an old cyclopædia which he had never disturbed. . . . the moment of vocation had come, and, before he got down from his chair, the world was made new to him by a presentiment of endless processes filling the vast spaces planked out of his sight by that wordy ignorance which he had supposed to be knowledge. . . . From that hour Lydgate felt the growth of an intellectual passion."—Middlemarch, book ii., March, 1872, pp. 255, 256.

We have called this a typical specimen of these things because if it were a plagiarism it would be a plagiarism of not the least consequence, the fact mentioned being one which happens constantly, and the thought being perfectly common. The writer in the *Churchman* does not speak of it as a case of plagiarism, but only as a case of striking coincidence; but it is hardly the latter either, and is rather a case of coincidence which is not striking. Still another resemblance which has seemed to some observers very marked is the resemblance between that scene in "The Newcomes" in which the Colonel says "Adsum" and dies, and the scene in one of Cooper's novels, "The Prairie," in which the old soldier and trapper, as he expires, raises his head from the ground and says "Here," as if answering at roll-call. The resemblance is there undeniably, but it is such as leaves each author in full possession of his death-scene, and entitled to undiminished credit for it. Death-scenes and last dying exclamations are anybody's and everybody's property; the skillfulness of the variations which are played upon the main theme constitute the legitimate field for the efforts of each new author, and Thackeray will be held to have been very skilful in the accessories, albeit the pathos of the scene in general rests under the least suspicion in the world of being overdone.

—The *Saturday Review* in noticing a recent American book rebukes

the author because she uses the ridiculous Americanism "conjugal." We do not know whether Swedenborgians are more numerous in the United States than they are in England, but unless they are, the word in question is no oftener used in this country than in England. Swedenborg, writing in Latin about the true love of the sexes, describes it by the poetical adjective *conjugalis*, and his translators, English and American, have seen fit to employ this word "conjugal," which may, for anything we know, have in their peculiar nomenclature a peculiar sense and force. It is not really in the language proper, either as spoken in America or across the water. "Walkist" is another Americanism to which the *Review* objects; but we fear this is now so firmly rooted that it will have to be accepted everywhere; it rests on the authority of the late Artemus Ward, and has received the sanction of Mr. Billings. "Scientist," however, we believe this country must plead guilty of having invented, and we fear there are indications that it may in the end prevail. Another word of which we have recently heard mention, and the existence of which has been brought in question, is the verb "to fault," used transitively as meaning "to find fault with" any one. This we take to be all but obsolete in the written language, and rapidly obsolescent in the spoken. As the *Churchman* says, its written use is perhaps now confined to those who are accustomed to the study of the writers of the early English Church. It would be more accurate, we fancy, to say of its general use, written and spoken, that some persons such as those mentioned keep it alive, and that besides these it is kept up by members of somewhat secluded English and Irish communities. It is not uncommon to hear it from an Irish child, and it is used to some extent in the British Provinces, where, indeed, it may either have come from the studious rector of the parish or, more likely, have been handed down by English and Irish tradition from the days of Elizabeth. It is hardly a word that we should like to see lost.

—We do not know if it is ignorance of the warning, or unbelief in it, which disposes people to reject what the scientific men tell them about the poisonous properties of certain wall papers. Whichever it may be, the warnings have to be repeated once in so often, and each time the wonder becomes the greater that house furnishers and house owners are so careless. Take even the case of people so well off and so well informed as to go to the expense of using the so-called Morris papers on their walls—take, indeed, the case of Mr. Morris himself, who is presumably a well-informed and conscientious person—and one finds a careless ignorance or else a want of faith in science which is remarkable. The Morris papers have been popular in Boston lately—the Boston taste in wall paper being at least as good as its taste in poetry, of equal superficial area, by the same Mr. Morris—and many recently built houses have been adorned by the beautiful designs of his invention which he turns out at his decorative workshop or studio in London. It is now found, we are told, that in the coloring of some few of these papers poisonous materials are used in quantities so great as to be dangerous to health, and this not merely in papers of a green color, which is popularly supposed to be the color most dangerous, but also in some others. For Mr. Morris it should be said, if we are not mistaken, that he has hitherto been responsible for nothing but the coloring and patterns of his papers, and that the more mechanical part of the work has been in the hands of ordinary manufacturers. And for Messrs. Bumstead & Co., of Boston, to whose taste we are chiefly, if not wholly, indebted for the introduction of these beautiful works into this country, at their expense, it should be said that since the discovery of the danger to be apprehended they sell only those colors which have been chemically tested, so that they now give the purchaser about the safest as well as about the most beautiful and satisfactory of wall coverings.

—The reopening of the University of Strassburg under German auspices has been heralded by the usual announcement of lectures to be delivered at the university in the summer term of 1872, from May 1 to August 15. The only references in its seventeen pages to the transition from a French to a German university are put incidentally, as thus: The professors of the former *Faculté de Médecine* and the *Ecole de Pharmacie* will complete the courses of lectures already begun in the French language, and the lectures of Professor Bergmann, on the Growth and History of the French Language, will be read in French, if desired. The fact that the Faculty is a new one, brought together from other universities and by other than the ordinary influences, is shown in the addition to the name and title of each professor of the university from which he came to Strassburg. There are seven Professors of Theology, and five of them belong to Strassburg, a relic, no doubt, of the old Protestant element there before the war; but the other Faculty, of the Catholic school, will probably soon have its quota of German professors brought together from Catholic Germany. In the Law Faculty, of nine professors, three only are from Strassburg; in the Faculty of Medicine, with nine professors, one only is a Frenchman, and he comes from Lyons; in the

Faculty of Philosophy there are sixteen professors, of which number five are from Strassburg; and in the Scientific School, of ten professors, but one is from Strassburg. The university fraternity of the professors thus brought together by the German Emperor from all parts of his Empire and from German schools outside of it, serves to show how the German universities count in their number all German-speaking countries, no matter under what flag or crown. There are representatives in Strassburg University from its elder sisters of Würzburg, Kiel, Königsberg, Prague, Freiburg, Hamburg, Breslau, Tübingen, Dorpat, Bern, Zürich, Lyons, Karlsruhe, Greifswald, Athens, Bonn, Treves, Berlin, Aix-la-Chapelle, Halle, Göttingen, and Oxford, which promises to lend Max Müller for the summer. It is thus seen that besides those from Prussia and even Germany, in its broadest sense, there are German professors from Russia, Austria, Switzerland, Greece, England—and even from America, in the person of Dr. von Holst, professor extraordinarius—brought together to transfuse German blood and learning and science into the reconquered provinces of Alsace and Lorraine. The fact that a Faculty of 51 professors could thus be collected, of whom only 15 belong to the city in which the university is situated, shows how large a force there must be in Germany proper from which the Government is free to draw its supply of teachers for the new school.

—The twenty-eight German universities, indeed, including in the list those of Germany, Austria, Switzerland, and Dorpat, count nearly 2,500 professors of all grades—that is, the professors proper, who are paid by the Government, and constitute the governing body. The extraordinary, or, as we should say, assistant professors, who sometimes receive a regular salary, but a very small one, and the private tutors, teachers of languages, and other subordinates and their students, count in theology—native Catholics, 1,000; foreigners, 100; native Protestants, 1,400; foreigners, 600. In law, natives, 3,200; foreigners, 875. In medicine, natives, 3,700; Vienna alone has more than 1,300; foreigners, about 1,000. In philosophy and philology, natives, 3,700; Berlin has nearly 1,000; foreigners, over 1,100—in the rough thus:

Catholic Theology.....	1,100
Protestant ".....	2,000
Law.....	3,100
Medicine.....	4,075
Philosophy and Philology.....	4,700
Philosophy and Philology.....	4,800
Total Students.....	16,675

The calendar also notes the fact that Giessen sent 72 students to the army; Jena, 131; Leipzig, 400; and Tübingen, 125—a list that is confessedly imperfect, for Berlin, and Bonn, and Breslau, and Erlangen, and Freiburg, and Göttingen, and Greifswald, and Halle, and Heidelberg, and Kiel, and Königsberg, and Marburg, and Munich, and Münster, and Rostock, and Würzburg, must have their roll of honor too. Besides all these, there are long lists of technical schools in Germany for architects, engineers, business men, soldiers, farmers, musicians, sailors, surgeons, gymnasts, and for mechanics, designers, telegraphers, beer-brewers, book-keepers, chemists, weavers, stenographers, artists, wood-cutters, builders, pharmacutists, printers, sewing-women, glass-makers, and for women in various useful branches of arts and sciences, mechanical trades and pursuits. It is not wonderful, therefore, that the census of the literary productions in Germany should count over 10,000 works in 1870—1,400 in theology, 100 in philosophy, 1,000 in "pedagogy" (the art and science of teaching), 700 in history, 1,000 in law, 100 in mathematics, 250 in geography, 250 in war, 400 in medicine, 500 in natural history, 300 in modern languages, 400 in technical education, 200 in architecture, 350 in agriculture, 100 in woods and forests, 275 in literature, 800 novels, 350 in fine arts, 275 in popular works, 275 in young folks' literature, 390 mixed works, and 250 maps. The impulse likely to be given to education by relieving it from the hard pressure of church control is pretty sure to be felt throughout the Empire, and the prospect of a sharp contrast between the "reconquered" provinces of France and their neighbors is likely to attract attention and criticism of the comparative merits of French and German systems of government and education.

—As there is nothing which is not amenable to German curiosity and research, a pamphlet has lately been devoted to tracing out the origin of the famous university song, "*Gaudeamus igitur*" (*Studie von Hoffmann von Fallersleben, Halle, 1872*). The attempt, however, is not altogether successful. The song, says Hoffmann, is evidently very old, but the music is perhaps older than the words. In their present shape, the latter cannot be assigned to a period earlier than the second half of the eighteenth century. Their first appearance in print was in a little book of student songs published in 1781 by a Berlin pastor, philanthropist, and littérateur, Christian Wilhelm Kindleben. The song is given on pp. 56-58, with the remark, "altered by Kindleben," and a note in which he styles it an "old Burschenlied," and says he felt obliged to recast it "because the poetry, as in most songs of this descrip-

tion, was very bad." However, he kept its antique form, and only omitted some verses which injured the rest, and the singing of which would not have been permitted by academic regulations. Whether this is a true account of Kindleben's relation to the song is not clear. The original, if there was one, has fallen entirely out of sight, and Kindleben's version has held its own in the Commersbücher against all variants. A German translation which he issued at the same time fell perfectly flat, nor will its reproduction now in Hoffmann's brochure revive it.

CHADBOURNE ON INSTINCT.*

WHEN this volume was announced, we looked forward to its perusal with a high degree of expectation. This interest was awakened by the subject, for which we confess a partiality, and by the scholarly attainments of the author, of which we had some knowledge. Having now read the work somewhat attentively, we will endeavor briefly to indicate its principal points.

Premising that metaphysicians have been the nearly exclusive essayists upon the endowments of animals, whilst naturalists, whose studies and means of knowledge would add weight to their conclusions, have rarely discussed the question, we find this work a reproduction of the views of the metaphysicians, with additional explanations and a fuller and more systematic treatment. It displays research, logical acuteness, and a genial spirit in active sympathy with the subject. We commend it, without hesitation, as a readable and instructive volume, however much we may differ with the learned author in his principal positions, and however much we may regret to find what we cannot but regard as a fallacious basis under his entire structure. It was, however, desirable to possess, in a complete form, the views of the metaphysicians upon instinct, considered as the governing power over the lives and conduct of animals; and we think this the most lucid, candid, and ingeniously-sustained treatise which has yet appeared upon this interesting theme. Dr. Chadbourne adopts the "*instinct hypothesis*" to explain the phenomena of animal intelligence, and regards it as adequate to embrace and account for all the facts. Having adopted this hypothesis in the title of his work (which hypothesis it would be pleasant to ascribe to human laziness, if it could properly be done), he was substantially released from the necessity of collecting and discussing the vast and complicated array of facts revealed by the lives of the inferior animals. It thus became his chief object to develop a definition, or a series of definitions, of instinct which would satisfy his impressions of its functions, with illustrations of their interpretation; and after that to explain the office of instinct in the animal kingdom. This, in substance, is the work accomplished in the volume under consideration.

If Dr. Chadbourne had collected a body of facts sufficiently comprehensive to illustrate the phenomena of animal intelligence, as far as the facts are accurately known, and, after enquiring whether they revealed in animals the possession of a mental principle, had succeeded in demonstrating a negative, he might have been justified, at least in the present state of our knowledge, in resorting to the convenient term "instinct" to explain the phenomena, although it would even then drag upon the mind as an unnecessary bestowment upon animals of supernatural powers. After acknowledging the impossibility of making a definition of instinct all would accept, he introduces three which have enjoyed some celebrity, as follows (p. 26):

Paley—"Instinct is a propensity prior to experience and independent of instruction."

Whately—"Instinct is a blind tendency to some mode of action, independent of any consideration on the part of the agent of the end to which the action tends."

Hamilton—"Instinct is an agent which performs blindly and ignorantly a work of intelligence and knowledge."

If compelled to choose one of these definitions, we prefer the last. It is bold, original, and concise. Whilst *Paley* conceives of instinct as a *propensity*, and *Whately* as a *blind tendency*, both excluding the existence of a mental principle from which the "propensity" or the "blind tendency" emanates, Sir William *Hamilton* conceives of it as an *agent*, and inferentially as a mental principle, although it is not easily perceived how a mental principle, a propensity, or even an agent can "perform blindly and ignorantly a work of intelligence and knowledge." This seems to be the fundamental difficulty with all definitions of instinct. They lead directly to the Cartesian theory that every animal below man is a mere machine—a living machine, it is true—actuated by a power analogous to the mainspring of a watch, over which the animal has no control. Remarks and illustrations scattered through the volume seem to commit our author to this opinion of Des Cartes, although he would probably disclaim such an inference.

* "Instinct: Its Office in the Animal Kingdom, and Its Relation to the Higher Powers in Man. By P. A. Chadbourne, LL.D." New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons, 1872.

Dr. Chadbourne's position upon the material questions can be shown substantially by a few brief quotations, which we will insert together. In several places (pp. 173, 207, 226, 255, 258, 286) definitions are given, one of which (p. 185) is as follows:

"An instinct is simply an impulse to a particular kind of voluntary action which the being needs to perform as an individual or representative of a species, but which he could not possibly learn to perform before he needs to act. And the general term Instinct includes all the original impulses, excepting the appetites, and that knowledge and skill with which animals are endowed, which experience may call into action, but which it does not give." This definition is not materially different from those of *Paley* and *Whately*, and not as far advanced as that of *Hamilton*, from which Dr. Chadbourne dissents. He takes the precaution, however, elsewhere to state that none of these definitions "cover the whole ground of instinctive action." Our author explains all the phenomena of life among the inferior animals by *structure*, *function*, and *instinct*. He also assigns to them a vegetative life and an animal life, and gives a genesis of instinct in the following language (p. 26): "We find at the basis of all activity in animals and men the *vegetative life* by which the body is sustained and the species continued. Next to this comes the truly *animal nature* as the condition for sensation, reflex action, and sense-perceptions. All these must be common to men and animals, as the condition for instinctive action. In addition to this machinery we want impulse to action. And as the first impulse to instinctive action, or one of the first, we have the appetites which arise from the functional activity of the organs. They belong to the vegetative life, but involve sensations and have no direct dependence upon the will. Next in order we have certain instincts which *minister* to these appetites, or, in other words, the animal has, as an original gift, the knowledge and skill needed to enable him to properly satisfy his appetites, and this original knowledge and skill constitute animal instinct—instinct in its lowest plane of action. . . . Above these instincts is intellect, by which the being comprehends relations and the results of its own acts. In the animal this is so low, or rather so weak, as to be subordinate to the instincts of the body. . . . Will in the animal seems to be merely the obedient executive, carrying out the suggestions of the instinctive powers." And elsewhere he remarks (p. 190): "That animals perform acts which seem to imply thought, no one will deny—purely instinctive acts; and even the movements of plants seem to imply thought when there is no sensation even. If we detect intellect in animals at all, then, it will not be because they perform certain acts, but it will be because they perform these acts under the same conditions and by the same means or methods as men perform them." He admits that the higher animals possess intelligence, but without entering into any discussion concerning its nature, extent, or deep significance; thus ignoring substantially, with a stroke of the pen, the entire body of authenticated facts in the lives of the higher animals which must form the basis of any proper discussion of their endowments. Whatever intelligence they exhibit is made subordinate to instinct—its *servant* and not its *master*. "In water (p. 208) cohesion is the servant of gravitation; in ice it is the master, though it can never escape wholly from its power. So intelligence in the animal, like cohesion in water, must bend all its energies in obedience to the instinctive principles which control the actions of animals as gravitation does the particles of water."

Even if space would admit further extracts, the foregoing are quite sufficient to indicate the scope of this work and the positions of its author.

Instinctus, from *instinguo*, is a good classical word, signifying *instigation*, *suggestion*, *impulse*. It was originally used in these senses, and in no other sense. When Roman scholars had occasion to refer to the principle of intelligence in animals, they did not use this term, but words of higher import—*sensus*, *mens*, *ratio*, *intellectus*, *memoria*, *cura*—"perception," "mind," "reason," "understanding," "memory," "care." We are unable to state the precise time when the term *instinct*, with its present signification injected, was brought into use; but we believe it cannot be traced back much beyond the times of *Locke*. It is a modern invention of the metaphysicians to dispose of the whole subject of animal psychology by a definition, and to create, by force of a term, a fundamental distinction between the endowments of men and of animals where there is no sufficient reason for supposing that any difference exists except in degree. It is a mere theory or hypothesis, with an object, strange to say, having but a limited relation to the facts.

The term "instinct," as modernized, might serve a useful purpose, up to a given line, to explain certain mental operations, both in men and animals, which are beyond the reach of consciousness. The mind moves with electrical velocity. By means of language or mental symbols it is trained to evolve its processes slowly through the heavy machinery of words or symbols, each of which requires a particle of time in its use. Consciousness is thus enabled to follow and to realize the actuality of these processes, and to know that the mind thinks. But there are many processes of the mind so instantaneous as to elude consciousness, and yet they are followed by acts exhibiting intelligence and knowledge. We are certain that the particular act was preceded by perception, reasoning, and the exercise of the will, although not a trace of either remained to consciousness with the exception of perception. Jumping aside from an object suddenly seen flying toward us through the air is an illustration. Instinct would be a convenient term

* *Cicero*, De Nat. Deo, lib. iii. c. ix.; *Pliny*, Nat. Hist., lib. viii. c. l.; *id.*, xi., c. xxxvi.; *id.*, xxix. cc. vi., xxxiv.

to distinguish unconscious from conscious processes of the mind. Beyond this we believe the term should be totally rejected both in relation to men and to animals.

We know nothing of the ultimate nature of mind; neither is it divisible into parts or faculties or organs. "The utmost ingenuity," Abercrombie remarks, "has not been able to advance a step beyond the fact that the mind remembers, reasons, imagines; and there we must rest contented." All we know of the mental principle is the fact that it manifests certain qualities, as memory, imagination, reason, and that it has the power of acting and of being acted upon. These qualities and powers form the legitimate and exclusive subject of investigation in whatever relates to the principle of intelligence. In like manner we know nothing of the ultimate nature of instinct so-called; and since there is no occasion to enquire concerning its qualities and powers, because the definition of the term undertakes to dispose of the whole subject, we must either accept instinct as a solution of the entire problem of animal intelligence, or, rejecting the term altogether, take up the mental principle in animals and enquire concerning the qualities and powers it manifests. This is the precise issue and point of difference, as we conceive, between the metaphysicians on the one side, and the naturalists on the other. Up to the present time the metaphysicians have held the field with the instinct hypothesis, whilst naturalists, such as Agassiz and Wallace, have contented themselves with recording a vigorous protest,* without taking the trouble to refute the hypothesis. It is so entirely unphilosophical to attempt the embodiment of a system of philosophy, in fine, to dispose of a body of facts ample and important enough to create a science, in a mere definition, that naturalists must have felt persuaded that the instinct hypothesis, left to itself, was certain to break down from the weight of its own incongruities.

Observations upon the habits and mode of life of the inferior animals have, for many years, been accumulating in number, increasing in thoroughness, and widening in their range. The time is not far distant when these facts concerning the endowments of animals will be subjected to scientific treatment upon the basis of the facts themselves. It may be doubtful whether this knowledge is now sufficiently thorough and minute to establish a science of animal psychology. Very little is known of the habits, artificial works, internal economy, and mode of life of entire masses of the species; and even with respect to those species which have been most carefully studied, the knowledge gained is admitted, by the observers themselves, to be very superficial. Whilst they catch the prominent characteristics of a particular animal, they discover and acknowledge that the volume of facts, with respect to its intelligent inner home-life, elude their grasp. The sphere of existence and of activity to which each is confined by structural organization is so far removed from the sphere of man that it is extremely difficult to study their acts, and to give to them a satisfactory interpretation. Many of these difficulties, however, are being overcome by patient industry and perseverance, thus encouraging the belief that our knowledge will in time be made ample and complete.

We think our information exhaustive with respect to the much-studied honey-bee; but, after all, we know very little about the inner actual life of the insect. It belongs to a different and widely separated branch of the animal kingdom from our own; and when we attempt to penetrate its contracted sphere of action, the coarseness and obtuseness of our powers of observation become apparent. It is much the same with the habits of birds, the nests of which, with the cell of the honey-bee, have so long furnished the staple arguments for expounding instinct. The lives of birds constitute one of the marvels of creation. We are almost tempted to select certain species of birds as the highest type on earth of sensitive, spiritual, imaginative life, and to look precisely here for the most exquisite sensibilities in the entire range of the animal kingdom. As we rise in the scale of mental power, the principle loses in the delicacy of its sensibility; and as we descend there is some evidence that it increases. Birds make nests which are seen and dissected, even the process of construction is witnessed; but how much do these inform us, taken alone, of the processes of the principle of intelligence at work behind the scene? When the building of a bird's nest is explained as the result of a propensity in the animal nature of the bird working blindly and ignorantly, we are offered, as it seems to us, the smallest conceivable amount of information upon the subject. The language itself is the armature of a false logic. In the present state of our knowledge, the attempt to sustain the instinct hypothesis, or to explain the endowments of animals, by arguments and illustrations drawn from the habits of insects or of birds, or even of immense numbers of species of the lower grades of animals, will necessarily be futile, for the want of comprehensive and accurate knowledge of the facts. We take this exception to Dr. Chadbourne's treatise, that its arguments and illustrations are drawn almost exclusively from the lower ranges of animal life.

On the other hand, our knowledge of the higher animals, and especially of such as have been domesticated, is much more ample, accurate, and reliable. Here we can stand on solid ground. By means of thorough and long-continued observation, a large body of facts have been collected and authenticated. More than this, the sphere of activity of the higher animals approaches, and even enters, the sphere of man's activity, so that the human mind has come into intelligent contact with the animal mind, both acting and reacting upon each other. There is a sufficient number of authenticated facts of this class displaying intelligence and reason upon which, as to the higher animals at least, it can, we think, be demonstrated that they possess a mental principle which performs for them the same office in governing their conduct that the human mind does for man. With this proposition first established, the qualities and powers of the animal mind should be investigated in the same manner precisely as we investigate the qualities and powers of the human mind. It will then be seen whether the difference in the principles is one of kind or simply one of degree. We take the further exception to Dr. Chadbourne's work that he did not find it within his plan to present and discuss this class of facts, and show, if it could be done, that they were without significance. His reference to them is incidental, and, for aught that appears, they are mere fictions of the imagination. What should have been made, as we think, the most conspicuous element in his volume is as practically ignored as though no such facts were known or even possible.

Several different positions of the author might be tested by practical illustrations; but the unexpected length of this article must exclude them. A single exception may be made. Instinct is said to be an impulse arising, not from a mental principle, the existence of which Dr. Chadbourne does not admit, but from the animal nature, which, by the bye, it is difficult to understand as the fountain of an impulse able to perform an intelligent, rational act through the physical organs. When an animal act rises to actual intelligence, this intelligence is then said (p. 208) to be exercised in subordination to instinct, and not independently of its control. In other words, intelligence in animals is the servant of instinct, and not its master. The raccoon (*Procyon Lotor*, De Kay) is called the *Washer* (*Lotor*), because he washes his food before eating it. Here the animal would be said, through an impulse over which he had no control, to perform blindly and ignorantly a work of intelligence and knowledge. A raccoon in the Garden of Plants, at Paris, was given a lump of sugar by his keeper, the first the animal had seen. Although white and clean, in obedience to a practice he had found salutary through his whole life, he washed the sugar before attempting to eat it. As a necessary consequence, it dissolved in his paws, and the greater portion was lost. The next time the experiment was tried the instinctive impulse failed to arise, and he ate the sugar unwashed with entire faith in its cleanliness. Are we informed that experience corrected instinct? Such an admission would seem to be fatal to instinct itself, since the act of eating in a particular case without a previous washing reveals the presence of a mental principle before which the so-called instinctive impulse was silent, which principle performed openly and independently a work of intelligence and knowledge. One other slightly similar illustration may be added. A keeper of monkeys in a menagerie was accustomed to give them lumps of sugar tightly enclosed in paper wrappers. The monkeys tore off the ends of the wrappers and ate the sugar. On one occasion the keeper managed to enclose a live wasp with the sugar, which was handed to an unsuspecting monkey. When the latter had torn off the end of the wrapper, the wasp came out with a buzz and stung him. After that, when papers of sugar were given, not only this monkey but every other one in the cage held the paper to his ear to find whether the hum of a wasp could be heard within before he ventured to tear the wrapper. It would seem that this monkey had thrown off the harness of instinct when he came to deal with treacherous man, and gave evidence of the possession of a mental principle which not only manifested the quality of memory, but was also capable of devising an experiment to discover a truth, as well as to draw an inference after the experiment was made.

THE MAGAZINES FOR MAY.

THE May *Atlantic* is appropriately fertile in pretty verses infused with poetry, and it is fertile, too, in poetical weeds, the delightful "Gannet," and "Galabad," and "Ancient," and "Zoilus," giving us their charming travesties of such poets as Mrs. Stoddard and the late Mr. Henry T. Tuckerman. The article in which these performances appear becomes quite comical when it is Mr. Howells's turn to be parodied and criticised. He remarks in a footnote that "all contributors to the *Atlantic Monthly* are aware that the text of accepted articles is never changed, nor is even a sentence omitted without the author's permission. The editor regrets that he is now obliged to violate

* Nat. Hist. U. S., p. 64; ** On Natural Selection, p. 201.

this rule." The result of the violation is to give us a passage such as the following:

"GALAHAD. Howells, at least, has escaped some of the troubles through which the older authors have been obliged to pass. His four years in Venice made a fortunate separation between his youthful period and his true sphere of activity. He did not change front, as the rest of us must do, in the press of battle. I was very much puzzled what to select as specially distinctive, and allowed myself at last to be guided by two or three short poems." (Reads his parody, which he calls "Prevarication.")

"THE ANCIENT. 'I think I know what you had in your mind, but I was expecting to hear something in hexameter: you know his—'

"ZORLUS. Yes, but—"
"GALAHAD. It is true to some extent. Still, on the other hand, he—"

The asterisk points the reader to the footnote which states the magazine's rule above cited; the dagger points him to the remark that "this would have given a clue to the preceding passage" (omitted); and the double dagger refers him to a characteristic piece of jocoseness: "The intelligent reader will readily guess why this is omitted." It is a skilful and amusing extrication; but we half believe we should have let ZORLUS and GALAHAD and our dear old ANCIENT go on to make their perspicacious remarks; they are a wonderful company.

Mr. T. E. Aldrich, Mr. Bret Harte, "Grace Greenwood," Miss Louisa Bushnell, Mr. C. P. Cranch, Mr. G. P. Lathrop, Doctor Holmes, and the anonymous writer of a few rhymed elegiacs, are the poets of this month's *Atlantic*, and all make pleasing enough verses. Doctor Holmes does not shine in blank verse, however; and we, for our part, are not delighted with hexameters and pentameters that rhyme. Why should it be sought to give the added charm of rhyme to the rhythmical charm of this fine variety of English verse—fine, at all events, when written by a poet with a natural ear for music, and not by a precisian? The thought of these lines "In Earliest Spring" is poetical and true. "Grace Greenwood" pays a very nice compliment to some favorite poet of hers, and in so doing puts into diffuse rhymes a touching and beautiful story, which missed its luck in life in not coming under Mr. Longfellow's notice a dozen years ago. It is of an Italian artisan—rather call him artist—who cast in his foundry a wonderful chime of bells, the sweet tones of which ringing in the convent belfry enchanted him with their music, so that he came almost to worship them. A marauding descent upon the coast is made, by English ships apparently, and the convent is sacked, the bells even being carried away. The founder, bereaved of his bells, seeks them everywhere—in Flanders, in Normandy, in Amsterdam, in England, and at last is told that beside the Shannon, in Limerick, there is a chime of bells

"Fit to ring in the coming of the Lord."

Finding his way there, he dies in hearing once more their beloved voices. Like these to him is the voice of her poet to Grace Greenwood. We hope he will pardon her punning title; the joke is decrepit with age and natural infirmity, but women are not expected to know about jokes.

Mr. Bret Harte, too, is fortunate in point of subject, but his treatment of it is not very meritorious. Rather more than this might be said in commendation if it were not for such lines as these:

"And the citadel was lighted, and the hall was gaily dressed,
All to honor Sir George Simpson, famous traveller and guest."

Mr. Harte should change this gentleman into Lord Bateman—say, "Viscount Bateman" for the sake of the metre. Bateman also was a famous traveller; and a "guest" after a fashion; though perhaps, not famous in that capacity. The change would necessitate the excision of the next couplet, to be sure:

"Far and near the people gathered to the costly banquet set,
And exchanged congratulations with the English baronet."

This is very ludicrous. Yet the poem thus unaccountably disfigured is a good poem, as poems go, and fairly well written. As for the *Atlantic's* other poetry, Mr. Aldrich's and Miss Bushnell's is pretty. So is Mr. Lathrop's; but he will write better, we dare say, when he has forgotten all about Mr. Tennyson, except that Mr. Tennyson has educated his talent with assiduous industry, and, so far at least, is a poet worth heeding. We do not know what to say about Mr. Cranch's poem; we believe it always begets in us a partly unreasonable impatience when a man goes to church as some of our illuminati are apt to do, and comes away condemning the clergyman because his sermon was not lit up with the central truths with which the church architecture and the painted glass window have inspired the worshipper's soul. Herbert is a poet nearer right, we imagine, when he advises the hearer who knows a great deal of central truth and is disappointed in the sermon, to listen to the preacher nevertheless, for, under such circumstances, "God takes a text and preaches patience." Clergymen also, as well as the rest of us, should be allowed occasional lapses into stupidity, ignorance, and

spiritual blindness. Mr. Cranch's poem has a fine pictorial image of the sight spread before the vision of Gaugymede when the eagle hears him aloft.

Mr. Parton's "Jefferson" goes on; "From Shore to Shore"—a very good article, with "opinions," as all Mr. W. J. Stillman's articles have—describes the last voyage to Europe which that artist made, and compares it with his first; in "French Democracy," Mr. Herbert Tuttle fights well for the republic as the only feasible form of government for France; "Who Won the Pretty Widow?" is the beginning of a story which gives good promise of excellence, and which will tell of the experiences of a Southern lady during the rebellion; "New York Dogs" is by Mr. C. D. Shanly, who is a social observer of some merit and familiar with many of the more superficial phases of life in this city. The departments of criticism are all good so far as we can judge, though we think that entitled "Politics" is somewhat too serenely remote from the earnest work of current politics. It is strongly for reform, however. We observe in the article called "An Opportunity for Aristophanes" what seems to us an error, and one which it is rather curious that the writer should have made. Mr. Thomas Nast last summer made a cartoon entitled "The Tammany Tiger Loose," in which Tweed was represented sitting as imperator with Sweeney and the rest of the gang beside him, and all gazing down on an arena where Liberty lay helpless under the fang of a monstrous beast. This cartoon should never have been drawn, the writer remarks; it said, as plainly as drawing could, that there was absolutely no help for New York; that the city was to the Tammany gang in the relation of slave to master—indeed, of murdered slave to an irresistible master; but this was not at all the true state of the case, for there certainly was hope for the city, and, but for the caricatured faces, Mr. Nast's picture might almost better have been published for private circulation among the members of the Ring themselves. The point overlooked in this criticism is that, however it may be in Boston, the average Christian in *partibus* no sooner looks at a picture of a Roman amphitheatre than he instantly feels a burning desire to draw the sword and devote to indiscriminate and bloody slaughter the entire audience—imperator, consules, Roman knights, vestal virgins, stage boxes, pit, gallery, lobbies, and all. Mr. Nast had previously worked upon this feeling when, at the time of the New Orleans massacre, he made a cartoon representing President Johnson, as imperator, witnessing the slaughter of negroes, who appeared as unarmed Christians beneath the swords of gladiators.

As usual, the most agreeable reading in *Scribner's* is Mr. Warner's article, which this month is as good as usual and perhaps better. Another article worth a little attention is that by Mr. W. C. Wilkinson, who makes an elaborate attack on Mr. Lowell's prose, and points out some of its faults of matter and manner. Mr. Wilkinson's article is rather ambitious, and now and again it puts on a pedagogic air which would befit a teacher instructing boys in the art of composition and the right spelling of intricate words better than it befits a critic; still he says some things that are true and worth attention. But he should recollect that however it may be with dead languages, there is no one who writes with absolute perfectness a living language vital in the mouths of men, women, and children, high and low, rich and poor. An Addison will have his Hurd, a Gibbon or a Johnson will make correctness intolerable, an angel from heaven would suffer at the hands of a Moon or a Gould. Mr. Wilkinson seems to be hardly awake to this truth that we indicate. When he addresses himself to exemplifying inner faults of style by exposing a diction and syntax indicative of careless thinking or defective art, he is doing something worthy of his theme; but he should consider that to worry a sentence in order to make manifest the fact that one of its relative words has an antecedent unexpressed is very little to any good purpose. This it is worth while to say to Mr. Wilkinson, for he is to return to his theme; and, as we have said, something of what he writes is useful. Had this country, thirty years ago, had either a dozen of exacting and intelligent critics, or four hundred millions of inhabitants, Mr. Lowell, Mr. Emerson, Mr. Longfellow, and all our other men of letters would no doubt have been more finished artists in prose and verse. But, as it happened, they were born into a society so glad to get their good things, and which got good things from so few competitors for its favor, that they were all able to be much lazier and much more self-indulgent than contemporary Frenchmen or Englishmen of genius, and it is largely due to the native superabundance of their endowments which has given them their high rank the world over. Mr. Wilkinson, in the essay before us, expressly devotes himself to criticism of the Aristarchian kind, and we do not know whether he is a writer capable of appreciating at their full value Mr. Lowell's good qualities as a critic. Hardly, we suspect. The essay often betrays a narrowness of critical view which has an inauspicious look; as, for instance, when it labors to defend Milton against the charge of being a poet who must take a place below Shakespeare. It will not do to say in the discussion of a question of this kind that Shakespeare and Milton are simply "two incom-

measurable magnitudes," the one being the greatest of dramatic poets, the other the greatest of epic poets, and that when this is said it is the end of the comparison between them, because anything further becomes at once "a discrimination and contrast of the epos and the drama." Charles Wesley, let us say, was the greatest of British hymn writers, and Burns of British song-writers; is there, then, no question as to whether Burns is a better poet than Wesley? The truth is, that in the poet's true business—in the endeavor to perceive and to express in audible, articulate, beautiful speech something of the wonderful mystery and the wonderful spectacle which is the life of man in this universe of the visible and the invisible, Shakespeare succeeded more fully than Milton, and Milton, grand as he is, great as was his art, epic as his imagination may have been, must defer to the poet who has somehow succeeded in at once seeing more and saying more of what he has seen than any of the rest of us. We hold that the true way to esteem Shakespeare is Ben Jonson's way, and to esteem him "this side idolatry" rather than to the verge of idolatry and beyond it, which is the way in vogue with some of the devotees. To pretend, as some do, that he was endowed with every gift in larger measure than any of his fellow-creatures; that outside Shakespeare there is nothing; that inside him there are not all manner of faults and mistakes which justify nearly all the bad that has been said about him—to pretend belief in these articles of the true faith is something which we, for our own part, would not ask Mr. Wilkinson or any one to do. And we confess to a great and increasing admiration for Milton; but we confess, too, that to find a man seriously thinking of Milton as the equal of Shakespeare once more recalls for us ancient days, in a distant land, in meeting-houses, where Milton and Mr. Robert Pollok used to be cited as examples of Christian genius applied to the production of "religious poetry," and where the undevout astronomer was shown to be mad on the authority of the great Newton and the admirable author of "Night Thoughts."

So much for the essayist's mode of looking at the higher poetry. As to Mr. Lowell's treatment of Milton considered relatively to Dryden, Mr. Wilkinson appears to be in a confused state of mind, a state for which Mr. Lowell is perhaps responsible, though, if we recollect the Dryden essay and the Shakespeare essay, Mr. Wilkinson has stumbled without much need of stumbling. When Milton is compared to Shakespeare it is necessary to call him a poet of the second class; he is then under trial by a standard which is applied to him in company with Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe; which even to some of these is applied with an effect fatal to their claims, and which in all the ages only some half a dozen poets have undergone with success. But when Mr. Lowell is dealing with Dryden the standard is British, and the trial is to ascertain who is to be held to have come nearest to Shakespeare and poets of the first class, but what man of signal ability and of poetic performance has come nearest to being a poet of the true strain and yet has not quite established himself among that glorious company. Mr. Lowell has perhaps not made this clear and put it in so many words; but a reader is not a good reader who can so little make it clear to himself that he spends labor and pains in arguing as if its contrary had been asserted. However, as we say, the article if worth little as truly good criticism is worth something as fairly good criticism, and *Scribner's* in printing it sets an example which some other magazines might follow with profit.

Other articles in *Scribner's* are "Draxy Miller's Dowry"; a translated poem of Mistral's; a plea for national control of the school system; an account of travel from Baltimore northward aboard one of those special trains in which only royalty and Americans can indulge, and which have taken many a square mile of the public lands from yielding Congressmen and newspaper writers. Unusual care is still taken with the woodcuts of this magazine, which grows increasingly attractive to the readers for whom it is intended. To all heads of families which eat dinner in the middle of the day, and to all other heads of families, we commend the new department of "Relishes for Tea."

"The Story of Tammany" is concluded in the May *Harper's*, and though it is but a slight affair as related by this author, the reader will be apt to wish that it had kept on and through several more papers. The author had a great subject about which we wonder some of our publishers do not print a volume or two. Perhaps too much of it is secret history; but if it could be brought out it would explain much of our political history that for want of such memoirs will hardly ever be understood. For example, many a living sachem could tell many details of the great fight between Buchanan and Douglas which contributed not a little to the rise of Lincoln. Another article of local interest to New Yorkers is that entitled the Manhattan well murder, which occurred in the Lispenard meadows near Spring Street, seventy-three years ago this December, which was tried before Chief-Justice Lansing, by Aaron Burr, Brockholst Livingstone, and Alexander Hamilton, and which was a legal farce about as bad as if it had

been tried last December before one of our Ring judges. The writer of it shows, as more than one reasonably careful writer has recently had occasion to show, the untrustworthiness of much of Mr. James Parton's so-called history-writing. In this number of *Harper's* Miss Thackeray begins her pretty story of "Old Kensington"; Mr. J. W. De Forest has a tale which is neither wise nor witty, and to which we call the attention of the *Catholic World*; Mr. Curtis writes about the libellous character of the American editor and about the Japanese morning reception in March last; the University of Virginia comes in for a description, and there is a small volume of other matter mostly so good in its perfectly well-known way that we need say nothing about it except when there is occasion to point out occasional though rare lapses from propriety. Such an exception "Father Higgins's Preferment" surely is.

Lippincott's Magazine is quite as good as usual. Mr. Black's "Strange Adventures of a Phaeton" is a good story told with an easy grace which alone would make it very pleasant to read; the "Sketches of Philadelphia" (illustrated) will please Philadelphians; there is a love story about a French *pétroleuse* who was betrothed to an American youth, and afterwards burnt his house and was tried for it; there is a second notice of the private art galleries of Philadelphia, Mr. Henry C. Gibson's pictures being the topic this time; and there is a well-informed article about "Sisterhoods in England." We have more faith than Mrs. S. B. Wister, the writer of the article last-mentioned, in the practical character of the English, and less than she seems to have in that turn of mind which seems to us a sort of spiritual indulgence which in its extreme form, at any rate, is as much opposed to the divine wish and will as any grosser form of it. The sisterhoods will, we imagine, be found useful aids to the poor and criminal classes according as the sisters care less about saving their own souls while engaged in the business before them, and more about saving the minds and bodies of their patients, and doing this for as long a term of years as they may be able to live in sound health and strength.

The *Galaxy* has for its principal article Mr. Welles's attempt to show that Mr. Lincoln's plan of reconstruction was the same as that which Mr. Johnson afterwards wished to carry out and was blamed for adopting. Mr. Welles appears to forget that Mr. Lincoln was neither a despotic ruler nor a man of unchanging opinions, and, furthermore, that Mr. Johnson, by his incapacity, coupled with his obstinacy, succeeded in playing directly into the hands of the Winter Davis and Thaddeus Stevens extremists. This article is a contribution to history; but, certainly, it is not history. Many a thousand and many a million of Southerners have rued bitterly the day when, at Mr. Johnson's instigation, they rejected the Congressional overtures for peace, and would hear of nothing but that the South should keep her full representation in Congress. With the negro to-day at the ballot-box, in Congress representing himself, managing Southern States, the Toombses and Vances must curse the day when they forgot Appomattox and kicked the Blaine proposition out of court. They have since had about as hard measure as often falls to the lot of a conquered people; but not till after they had rejected about the easiest.

The *Overland* talks about wine-making in California, and informs us that California alone is nine-tenths as large as France, and has a much greater area of soil adapted for the grape culture; there is the last half of a very good account of the second Bull Run, written by a private of a regular regiment; there is an instalment of a readable description of California Indians; and there are several other articles, making a good magazine.

Sing-Song. A Nursery Rhyme Book. By Christina G. Rossetti. (London and New York: George Routledge & Sons.)—To write four lines which shall have in them the measure of a child's brain, the rhythm of a child's temperament, and hold the child's ear by the needful but imprescriptible jingle of rhyme, is possibly a more difficult thing than to write a sonnet as great as Milton's. It is at all events a thing which few have done, though nowadays many people are trying very hard to do it. To folk who are bent on moralizing, and distilling good tenets with doubtful verses, or mere excellent verses and superlative morality, there is no language of discouragement too strong—no bitterness of criticism unlikely to be merited; for sermons in the mouth of the arch-enemy are hardly likely to be less effective, and, therefore, less repugnant to good taste, than in verses for children.

To add one strain to that anthology of the babes, "Mother Goose," would be to some minds as high a claim to deathless memory as to have written the "Star-Spangled Banner," the "Marseillaise," or even the best of the hymns in Dr. Watts's collection.

"Jack and Gill
Went up the hill"

will outlive scores of eminent poets, and we could cite many names bound

in russia and profusely gilded, either of which would make a profitable exchange with immortality if they would swap their whole stock in trade for the accredited authorship of those lines, or others which might be quoted, from the immemorial volume which all children who have any intellectual future in them rejoice in.

One of the rarest and truest, and perhaps the tenderest, poetesses of our time has set herself, undismayed by the long list of failures, to write a book of verses for children, and, with her best powers and at their prime, has said some things which we believe child-criticism when codified will permit to pass muster, and will not forget. That all the verses of "Sing-Song" are of this character, no one will believe. Many are too wise and sad for any but those whom life has taught its bitterer lessons, but there are some among the artful-artless rhymes which neither the gravest nor the gayest of little ones to come will lose from their repertory.

Judging, with a limited little jury, of the pages of "Sing-Song," we find some that stay in court, mostly of babies. For instance:

"Love me—I love you—
Love me, my baby;
Sing it high, sing it low,
Sing it as it may be."

"Mother's arms under you,
Her eyes above you;
Sing it high, sing it low;
Love me—I love you."

and another:

"Baby cry,
Oh! lie,
At the physis in the cup;
Gulp it twice,
Gulp it thrice,
Baby, gulp it up."

It needs an English baby to appreciate the following, which has the genuine "Mother Goose" stamp:

"Eight o'clock,
The postman's knock;
Five letters for papa,
One for Lou,
And none for you,
And three for dear mamma."

This next has a touch of hidden wisdom which the babies will find when they come to talk over the woman's-rights question:

"If I were a queen,
What would I do?
I'd make you king,
And I'd wait on you."

"If I were a king,
What would I do?
I'd make you queen,
For I'd marry you."

That beginning "If a pig wore a wig" is quite as good for children who can comprehend the pun in it, and is funny for those who can't, as well as being satirical for their elders. And Miss Rossetti, with all her devotion to the children, cannot refrain from opening now and then the sluices of pathos and wider meanings, to flood the merry rill of "Sing-Song" for babes. In another she touches a minor key:

"If hope grew on a bush,
And joy grew on a tree,
What a nosegay for the plucking
There would be."

"But, oh! in windy autumn,
When frail flowers wither,
What should we do for hope and joy,
Fading together?"

Still sadder is this:

"I have but one rose in the world,
And my one rose stands a-drooping;
Oh! when my single rose is dead
There'll be but thorns for stooping."

It is not easy or necessary, in fact, to say whether or no Miss Rossetti would have done more for the children if she had done less for us, but certainly she has at times forgotten apparently that our children were the objects of her song, and wandered into the more wonted strains; and some of the brief outbursts of pathos—involuntary complaint—will rank amongst the best of her poetry. Her children, perhaps, are angelic, and of all ages at once. We are very sincerely thankful to her for this as for her other poems, and invite our readers to a true pleasure when we ask those of them who do not know her to make her acquaintance in "Sing-Song," and those of them who already have the "Goblin Market," and are aware how sweetly passionate and how musical its poetry is, to get these rhymes in which she often so happily speaks to and for the children.

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